The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 144. Vol. XXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1903. Price Sixpence.

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The next issue of* THE BOOKMAN *will be a* SPECIAL DOUBLE SHAKESPEARE NUMBER, *containing Seven Full-page Plates and over Eighty Illustrations. Orders should be booked immediately in order to avoid disappointment. The issue will be limited, and the number cannot be reprinted. Price 1s. net, post free 1s. 3d. For Order Form and further particulars, see page iii.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of illustrations connected with the life and work of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and more especially a number of photographs depicting scenes from her novels, which have never before been reproduced, we desire to express our indebtedness to Mrs. Ward for her great kindness and courtesy in helping us to obtain and identify these.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is spending his holiday in Devonshire, has completed seven of the eight new Sherlock Holmes stories he is writing for the *Strand Magazine*. It is not unlikely that the series will extend to twelve stories. They will appear in *Collier's Magazine* in America.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's story, "Katherine Trensham," which has been running through the *Queen*, will be issued by Messrs. Blackwood here, and by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. in America, some time in October.

Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard," on which she has been engaged for nearly three years, will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the early autumn.

Mrs. Craigie is also adapting a play by Jean Richepin for Olga Nethersole. She also hopes to publish an original play in the near future.

Mr. George Lorimer, whose "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" have had such a remarkable sale on both sides of the Atlantic, is writing a few supplementary letters, which will make their appearance in due course in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, of which he is the editor. It is not likely, however, that he will publish a second volume of the Letters. It is more probable that he will work the same vein in the form of a novel on commercial life. It is not generally known that Mr. Lorimer had his business training in the pork-packing establishment of Philip D. Armour, and that he entered journalism after several years' experience of business life in Chicago.

The joint authors of that delightful book, "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," will issue this autumn a new volume entitled "Slipper's A B C of Hunting."

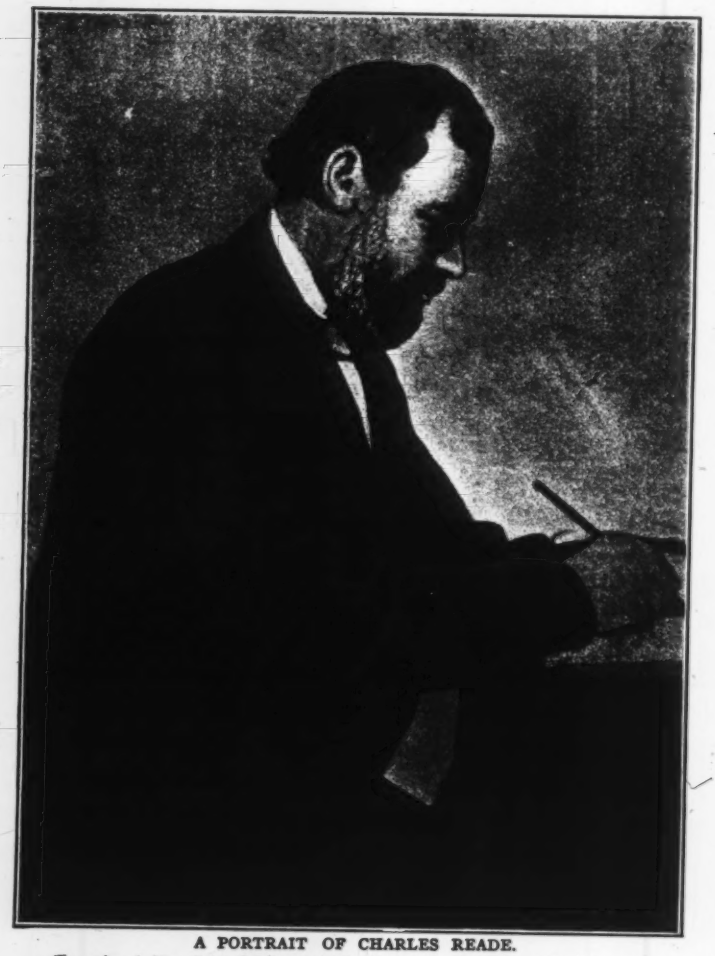
We have excellent authority for stating that "A. Leaf," the author of "Strawberry Leaves," is in reality the son of a well-known peer.

Owing to the death of Major Pond, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has cancelled his arrangements for delivering a series of readings in the United States.

Mr. Hall Caine is still in Iceland, whither he has gone in search of local colour for his new novel.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue this autumn the Life of Hugh Price Hughes, by his daughter, Miss Dorothea Katherine Price Hughes.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is in London for a time,



A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES READE.
(Reproduced from John Coleman's "Charles Reade as I Knew Him," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Treherne and Co., Ltd.)

but the reappearance of his old enemy, asthma, may compel him to return again to New York.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs has been engaged on a three-act play, in collaboration with Mr. Louis N. Parker. He is taking holiday with Mr. Pett Ridge, at Looe, in Cornwall.

"Personalia: Political, Social and Various," the series of amusing recollections which have been enlivening the pages of *Blackwood* during the summer, will be published in book form in the first week in October. The identity of "Sigma," though the subject of many guesses, has not been discovered.

"The Nemesis of Froude," by Sir James Crichton Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle, will be ready early this month.

Miss Alice Perrin, the author of that remarkable collection of short stories, "East of Suez," has written a new novel, "The Stronger Claim: A Story of East and West," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash will issue this autumn.

The author of the brilliant book on the South African campaign, "On the Heels of De Wet," has just completed a story entitled "The Boy Galloper."

Sixteen illustrations of subjects from Kipling's "Jungle Book," by Maurice and Edward Detmold, are promised by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in the early autumn. The original pictures were exhibited at Harrow last month and created quite a sensation. The pictures, which will be issued in a portfolio, have been reproduced in colour by lithography in superb style, and as the edition is, we understand, a small one, it will no doubt follow the usual course of Macmillan and Co.'s artistic productions, and soon be out of print.

Kipling's "Just-So Stories" are to be added to the "Uniform" edition of the author's works, and will also be issued in the *edition de luxe*, and will be published by Macmillan and Co. in the autumn. The same publishers also announce "The Just-So Song-Book," being the songs from the book set to music by Edward German, which will be issued in convenient quarto form.

"English Sport," by various writers, edited by Alfred E. T. Watson, is announced for early publication. The volume will contain eighteen full-page illustrations in colour. There will be twenty chapters in the book from the pens of masters of sport, including Cricket, by Lord Hawke; Golf, by H. G. Hutchinson; Fishing and Shooting, by the Marquis of Granby; Polo, by the Hon. Lionel Lambart; Motoring, by Alfred Harmsworth. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to be the publishers.

Lady Colin Campbell has collected a series of papers which she has contributed to the *World*, and Mr. Eveleigh Nash will issue them under the general title of "A Woman's Walks."

Mrs. A. F. Slade, the author of "A Wayside Weed," has completed the MS. of a new novel entitled "The Crucible."

The new edition of "Bon Gaultier," announced by Messrs. Blackwood, will be of particular interest because of the autobiographical introduction contributed to it by Sir Theodore Martin. He will tell the story of his literary collaboration with Aytoun, and as far as his memory serves him, indicate their individual shares in the Ballads.

Mr. John Lane will publish in October a new edition of "Sophisms of Free Trade and Political Economy Examined," by the late Mr. Justice Byles, with an Introductory Note by Mr. W. S. Lilly.

Messrs. Blackwood are to publish in the autumn a new story by Mr. J. Storer Clouston, the author of the ever-popular "Lunatic at Large." It is entitled "Our Lady's Inn."

"Old Quebec: The Fortress of Modern France," by Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan, is announced by Macmillan and Co. for October. The treatment of such a subject by Sir Gilbert Parker will no doubt be of great interest. Great pains have been taken to select suitable illustrations, of which twenty-five will be portraits from steel engravings and photogravures, ninety-seven other cuts, mostly from drawings, and five maps.

Captain Trotter, the biographer of Nicholson and of Hodson of Hodson's Horse, has completed a volume on Outram. He has entitled it "The Bayard of India," and Messrs. Blackwood will publish it in October.

"Historical Studies" and "Stray Studies, Second Series," by John Richard Green, are being added to the Eversley Series.

Three additions to the "English Men of Letters" are to be published before Christmas—Crabbe, by Alfred Ainger; Fanny Burney, by Austin Dobson; and Jeremy Taylor, by Edmund Gosse.

Miss Cholmondeley has just completed a story which will be published first in the Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News*.

Mr. Andrew Lang's new fairy book will this winter be entitled "The Crimson Fairy Book." The authors of the very popular "Gollywogg" books have prepared a new volume entitled "The Gollywogg Circus."

The "Illustrated Pocket Classics" are being added to, the volumes chosen being Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," both with illustrations by Randolph Caldecott.

Messrs. Longman will publish next month a new novel entitled "The Master of Gray," by Mr. H. C. Bailey. the author of "My Lady of Orange."

"The Poetry of Thomas Moore," selected and arranged by C. Litton Falkiner, will be published shortly in Macmillan and Co.'s Golden Treasury Series.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish this autumn a new novel by Mr. Morley Roberts, entitled "Rachel Marr." Mr. Roberts has spent a long time in writing this book, and it is said to contain his most finished work. It is anticipated that "Rachel Marr" will prove to be one of the most striking novels of the season.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have some interesting novels in their autumn announcements:—"The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the Lost Water," by Marion Crawford; "Twelve Stories and a Dream," by H. G. Wells; "Helianthus," by Ouida; "A Passage Perilous," by Rosa Nouchette Carey; "McTodd," by Cutcliffe Hyne; "John Maxwell's Marriage," by Stephen Gwynn; and "Sanctuary," by Edith Wharton.

Two new volumes of the History of the English Church are announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. —Vol. V., "The English Church from the Accession of Charles I. to the Death of Anne," by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., in September; and Vol. VI., "The English Church in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.," by the Rev. W. H. Frere, in January, 1904.

Miss Burney's "Evelina" is to be added to Messrs. Macmillan's admirable Cranford Series. It will contain eighty illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and an Introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Messrs. F. E. Robinson and Co.'s Picturesque Series will be added to in the autumn by the production of "Picturesque Hertfordshire." As in the case of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, the book will be illustrated by Mr. Duncan Moul.

The same publishers will also produce in the autumn the last two volumes of their dainty little Stuart Series, the subjects being—(1) "The Life of the Rev. John

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES READE.
(Reproduced from John Coleman's "Charles Reade as I Knew Him," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Treherne and Co., Ltd.)

Barwick, D.D.," edited by Mr. G. F. Barwick; and (2) "A Relation of a Short Survey of 26 Counties, observed in a seven weekes journey begun at the city of Norwich, and from thence into the North, on Monday, August 11, 1634. By a Captain, a Lieutenant, and an Ancient, all 3 of the military company in Norwich," edited by Mr. L. G. Wickham Legg. As in the case of the previous volumes, they will be elaborately bound in leather.

"The Highways and Byways of Sussex," by E. V. Lucas, with illustrations by F. L. Griggs, is to be the autumn volume of the Highways and Byways Series.

Mr. John Long will publish on September 20th, the date of the Robert Emmet Centenary, a new historical novel by George Gilbert, the author of "In the Shadow of the Purple." Robert Emmet himself is the central figure in the story, which will be called "The Island of Sorrow."

Miss Evelyn Sharp's new book is to be entitled "The Children who Ran Away," which will no doubt be read by young and old.

In September Messrs. A. Treherne and Co. are publishing a little book for children, entitled "Louis Wain's Kittens." It is uniform in size with the popular Humpty-Dumpty Series, and contains twenty-two coloured illustrations.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are issuing in the autumn a handsome small folio art book in two volumes, entitled "James Orrock." The subject of this volume is well known as an artist and collector, as well as a connoisseur in Art. Mr. Orrock's artistic career has brought him into personal contact with many men of distinction in the painter's profession; and his retentive memory, richly stored with anecdotes of his friends, has been drawn upon by Mr. Byron Webber, who has produced two extremely interesting volumes, which will be illustrated with nearly eighty photogravure plates, besides a large number of drawings produced in half-tone. Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., has designed a very handsome cover for the book. The edition is strictly limited to 500 numbered copies. It will be issued at ten guineas net.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons are publishing in the autumn a large folio art volume, by Gerald S. Davies, on Hans Holbein the Younger. The volume will be illustrated by over 100 photogravures.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press a new edition, in six volumes, square demy 8vo, of "The Paston Letters," 1422—1509. These volumes contain upwards of 600 more letters than appeared in the original five-volume edition issued between 1787—1823. Mr. James Gairdner, of the Public Record Office, has edited the volumes, and has also added an introduction and notes. The edition will consist of 650 copies, of which only 600 are for sale. The first volume will be ready in November, and the other five volumes will be published at intervals of one month each.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1903.

Few trades are so keenly susceptible of being influenced by the various passing phases of social existence as the book trade, and anything which tends in any degree to unsettle the equanimity of the public mind is at once detrimental to business. Holidays, it may be imagined by some, are surely ideal times for reading, but the sale transactions of these periods prove that they are not so regarded; hence, with the exception of a certain amount of light literature, we have to chronicle a particularly dull month.

Even fiction itself in the usually attractive form of the 6s. novel has suffered considerably, although the popularity of several items has been comparatively well maintained. The new volume "Children of Tempest," by Neil Munro, was anticipated by large orders, and has since its appearance continued to add to the number. "The MS. in the Red Box," thanks to its ingenious introduction to the public, has caught on to a good extent. Among the earlier issues which have still been in request are "Letters of a Self-made Merchant," "In the Guardianship of God," "The Four Feathers," "Elizabeth's Children," and last, but most prominent, "Pigs in Clover." "The Eternal City," in both the 6s. and 2s. form, has also sold freely.

The continued popularity of the "Life of Robert Browning," included in the "English Men of Letters," attests to the number of his admirers.

This report would certainly be incomplete if mention were not again made of the many new appreciative readers who during the past month have made the acquaintance of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Lovey Mary."

At 3s. 6d. the two most popular lines have been "Rambles in Womanland" and "Love and a Cottage."

The death of Mr. Farjeon did not lead to any material increase in the demand for his works, but several volumes, such as "Grif" and "The House in Porter Square," command always a steady sale.

The demand for the more serious classes of literature has been limited, but mention may be made of the success attending recent issues of the works of Charles Lamb. The "Letters of Dorothy Osborne" in the new issue have continued to be in request, and a steady demand has been experienced for the various volumes in the "Life and Labour of the London People," by Charles Booth.

An appreciative reception is also being given to "The Coronation of Edward the Seventh," by J. E. C. Bodley.

Several of the handy volumes in the various pocket libraries have increased their sales. The two which appear to have been most in favour are "The World's

Classics" and "The New Library of Standard Biographies."

The sale in sixpenny reprints has not during the present holiday season been so extensive as in the preceding years, still a fair amount of these have been disposed of, but the market continues to be overstocked.

Magazines have sold very freely, especially the more popular issues, such as *Pearson's*, *London Magazine*, and the *Royal*. The *Stage Souvenir*, devoted to chronicling the most popular plays of the day, has also had an extensive sale.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in request throughout the month.

Six Shilling Novels.

Children of Tempest. By Neil Munro. (W. Blackwood.)
The MS. in the Red Box. (Lane.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
In the Guardianship of God. By F. A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
Elizabeth's Children. (Lane.)
Letters of a Self-made Merchant. By G. W. Lorimer. (Methuen.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)

Life of Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Dorothy Osborne Letters. Edited by Judge Parry. 6s. (Sherratt and Hughes.)
Rambles in Womanland. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
The Coronation of Edward VII. By J. E. C. Bodley. 21s. net. (Methuen.)
Life and Labour of the London People. By Charles Booth. Various volumes. (Macmillan.)
Volumes in The World's Classics, and The New Library of Standard Biographies.
Sixpenny Reprints.
Magazines and Periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 25—Quiet in all departments.
Aug. 1—Still quiet, but better in Export.
" 8—A fairly good week.
" 15—Again very quiet in all departments.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 18TH TO AUGUST 18TH, 1903.

With the usual exodus of holiday seekers from the cities, provincial booksellers were favoured with a large proportion of the business of the month, and this was accentuated by the generally unfavourable weather experienced throughout Scotland, resulting in frequent demands on local libraries.

Much of the literature purchased was, of course, of the cheapest, notably sixpenny reprints, and the sales of monthly magazines were quite phenomenal—the following very early running out of print:—The *Woman at Home*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Lady's Realm*, *Munsey's Magazine*, and the *Idler*. As was to be expected, there were many requests for Cycling Maps, etc., and the various "Guides" to picturesque and romantic districts were in constant demand.

Undoubtedly the leading 6s. novel was Neil Munro's "Children of Tempest," with its vivid imaginative writing.

Mainly on account of the mystery of authorship, "The MS. in the Red Box" had much attention attracted to it, and the Society novel, "Strawberry Leaves," having excited interest in London, obtained many readers in the provinces. Other successful 6s. novels were "Elizabeth's Children," "Mettle of the Pasture," "Pigs in Clover," and "My Lady of the Bass."

The popularity of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Lovey Mary," was maintained, and the following shilling books formed a very considerable part of orders received: "Wee Macgreegor," "Ethel," "The Unspeakable Scot," "Mr. Joseph Scorer," "Hunted Down," "My Man Sandy," "Tony's Highland Tour," and "The Log of the Folly."

Three notable books announced for early publication, each appealing to large numbers of appreciative readers, were readily ordered, namely, Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Five Nations," and Miss Fowler's "Place and Power."

In some districts the school-book trade made a beginning, and it was gratifying to notice that such orders were generally entrusted to, and forwarded through local booksellers.

As already noted, the sixpenny novel was, on account of its suitability for railway and seaside reading, more prominent than ever, and the following sold in thousands:—"Black Rock," "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," "Kate Carnegie," "My Indian Queen," Gould's "Hills and Dales," and "The Doctor's Double."

The following is our list of books most in demand:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Children of Tempest. By Neil Munro. (Blackwood.)
The MS. in the Red Box. (Lane.)
Strawberry Leaves. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)
Mettle of the Pasture. By J. L. Allen. (Macmillan.)
Pigs in Clover. By F. Danby. (Heinemann.)
Elizabeth's Children. (Lane.)
My Lady of the Bass. By S. H. Burchell. (Gay and Bird.)
His Daughter First. By A. S. Hardy. (Harper.)
Jimmy. By J. S. Winter. (White.)
Mrs. Peter Howard. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen.)
A Frontiersman. By Roger Pocock. (Methuen.)
No. 3 The Square. By Florence Warden. (Long.)

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Mrs. Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Lovey Mary. By Mrs. Rice. 5s. (Hodder.)
Sir Anthony and the Ewe Lamb. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
War in Practice. By Major Baden Powell. 5s. (Isbister.)
Life and Last Leaves of Robert Wallace. 16s. net. (Sands.)
Charles Reade as I Knew Him. By J. Coleman. 15s. net. (Treherne.)
Louis Wain's Summer Annual. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Handy Shilling Atlas of the World. 1s. net. (Newnes.)
How to Become a Commercial Traveller. By E. B. Grieve. 1s. (Unwin.)
Raymond's Ride. By Nat Gould. 2s. (Everett.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial Office.)
Ethel. By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Menzies.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 1s. net. (Richards.)
Tony's Highland Tour. By A. Hammerton. 1s. (Marshall.)
My Man Sandy. By J. Salmond. 1s. (Sands.)
Hunted Down. By McGovan. 1s. (Menzies.)
And the volumes of Messrs. Hutchinson's Standard Biographical Series, 1s. net.

The Booksellers' Diary.

SEPTEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

September 7th.

HOWE, JULIA WARD (Introduction by).—Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller (1845-1846), 5s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
"ORNITHOVIUS."—Tychiades: A Tale of the Ptolemies, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
MORLEY, JOHN.—Life of Richard Cobden. 1 vol. ed. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CROMMELIN, MAY.—Partners Three, 6s. ..... (John Long)
MEADE, L. T.—By Mutual Consent, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

September 8th.

SILBERRAD, UNA L.—Petronilla Heroven, 6s. ..... (Constable)
FOX, JOHN.—The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, 6s. (Constable)
FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—The Stolen Emperor, 6s. ... (John Long)
ELLIS, BETH.—Barbara Winslow: Rebel, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
BUXTON, REV. H. J. WILMOT.—Bible Object Lessons, 5s. (Skeffington)
GIBSON, REV. J. GEORGE, D.D.—Along the Shadowed Way (Sermons), 5s. ..... (Skeffington)
MORTIMER, DR. A. G.—The Church's Lessons for the Christian Year. Part I. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Skeffington)

September 9th.

BURROW, FRANCIS RUSSELL.—Alexander in the Ark. Illustrated. 5s. ..... (Pearson)
Pearson's Irish Reciter and Reader, 2s. 6d. ..... (Pearson)
"AN OXFORD M.A."—Speeches for All Occasions, 1s. (Pearson)
SCOTT, G. FIRTH.—From Franklin to Nansen. New Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Pearson)
WHITELEY, ELIZABETH.—In Devil's Throne, 6s. (Digby, Long)
The Life of Our Lord. 3rd Series. 2s. net ..... (Skeffington)

September 10th.

BARRETT, FRANK.—Lady Judas, 6s. ..... (Chatto and Windus)
GAULOT, PAUL.—Love and Lover of the Past, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Eileen, 6s. ..... (John Long)
MATHERS, HELEN.—The Juggler and the Soul, 6d. (John Long)
ALLEN, REV. G. W.—Wonderful Words and Works (Sermons), 5s. (Skeffington)
EDMUNDS, REV. LIONEL.—Sunday by Sunday (Sermons), 6s. (Skeffington)
BUXTON, E. M. WILMOT.—Skeffington's English History Reader, 2s. ..... (Skeffington)

September 11th.

Gordon League Ballads. 2nd Series. 2s. 6d. ..... (Skeffington)

September 14th.

ARNOLD, A. S.—The Story of Thomas Carlyle, 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
Author of "A Visit to the Russians in Central Asia."—The Grand Duchy of Finland, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
FORSTER, R. H.—Idylls of the North, 3s. 6d. net ... (John Long)

September 15th.

ALLINGHAM, HELEN, and MARCUS B. HUESH.—Happy England, 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
MENPES, MORTIMER and DOROTHY.—The Durbar, 20s. net. (A. and C. Black)
BROWN, JOHN TAYLOR.—Dr. John Brown: A Biography and a Criticism, 5s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
WARD, JAMES.—Naturalism and Agnosticism. Revised Edition. 18s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
WILLIAMS, REV. T. RHONDDA.—God's Open Doors, 3s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—A Prefect's Uncle, 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black)
RANSOME, STAFFORD.—The Engineer in South Africa, 7s. 6d. (Constable)
MORAY, CHARLES.—George Savile, 6s. ..... (John Long)
TROLLOPE, ANTHONY.—The Three Clerks. Vol. I. John Long's Library of Modern Classics. 2s. net and 3s. net. (John Long)
SOUTH, ROBERT.—The Divine Aretino, and Other Plays, 7s. 6d. net ..... (John Long)
CAREY, ROSA N.—A Passage Perilous, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
JOSEPH, REV. MORRIS.—Judaism as Creed and Life, 5s. net. (Macmillan)
STRETTON, HESBA, and H. L. SYNNOT (Selected. Arranged by).—Good Words from the Apocrypha, 1s. 6d. (Skeffington)
LEIGH-LYE, REV. ARTHUR.—Faith and Sacrament, 3s. 6d. (Skeffington)

September 16th.

FARROW, G. E.—Professor Philanderpan. Illustrated by Alan Wright. 5s. ..... (Pearson)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—How to Become an Author, 5s. (Pearson)
DEFOE, DANIEL.—Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. 2s. ..... (Pearson)
Boys' and Girls' Reciter, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
NORTH, CHRISTOPHER.—A Modern Marguerite, 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)
RUSSELL, DORA.—In Silent Watches, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
JOHNSTON-SMITH, FREDERICK J.—Poetical Works, 7s. 6d. (Skeffington)

September 17th.

SHIEL, M. P.—Unto the Third Generation, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)

September 18th.

MEANS, REV. STEWART.—St. Paul and the Anti-Nicene Church, 6s. ..... (A. and C. Black)
HYNE, CUTCLIFFE.—McTodd, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

September 21st.

PITT-LEWIS, G., K.C.—Commissioner Kerr: An Individuality, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HORNIMAN, ROY.—That Fast Miss Blount, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
TREHERNE, PHILIP.—A Monte Carlo Venture, 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
GILBERT, GEORGE.—The Island of Sorrow, 6s. ... (John Long)

September 22nd.

CLOUSTON, J. STORER.—Our Lady's Inn, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
WHIBLEY, CHARLES.—William Makepeace Thackeray (Modern English Writers), 2s. 6d. ..... (Blackwood)
MURPHY, REV. J. B. C.—The Mills of God (Sermons), 5s. (Skeffington)

September 23rd.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Fen Soil, Fen Soul, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
YORKE, CURTIS.—In Life's Afternoon. New Edition. 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)

September 24th.

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The Reader.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

By A. St. John Adcock.

TO think over the successful problem or purposeful novels of the last fifteen years is to indulge in what is very much of a meditation among the tombs. Books of their week, of their season, of their year, selling in tens of thousands, read and discussed by everyone, extravagantly praised and extravagantly condemned, so long as they lived they were intensely and aggressively alive; but "whom the gods love die early," and they are, most of them, already little more than half-forgotten names. They ran through their popularity as swiftly and as splendidly as a spendthrift runs through his inheritance, and died bankrupt and neglected after a career that was as brief as it was astonishing.

For though no other type of fiction is qualified, by the very nature of it, to achieve such a dazzling and uproarious notoriety easily and instantly, none loses its hold on the public sooner or is, as a rule, more inherently mortal. "It is not difficult to obtain readers," as Dr. Johnson puts it, "when we discuss a question which everyone is desirous to understand, which is debated in every assembly and has divided the nation into parties. . . . To the quick circulation of such productions all the motives of interest and vanity concur; the disputant enlarges his knowledge, the zealot animates his passion, and every man is desirous to inform himself concerning affairs so vehemently agitated and variously represented." But, with rare exceptions, it is the fate of controversial novelists, "even when they contend for philosophical or theological truth, to be soon laid aside and slighted. Either the question is decided and there is no more place for doubt and opposition, or mankind despair of understanding it and, grown weary of disturbance, content themselves with quiet ignorance."

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
Photographed August, 1903, by Mr. H. Walter Barnett.

It is by no ordinary talent, then, but by some rare creative power for which one can find no other name than genius, that out of this perishable material Mrs. Humphry Ward has fashioned novels of high and permanent value, and given them a vital and compelling interest, so that they have outlived, and continue to outlive, the once-current phases of thought and the stirring political or religious movements that are embodied in them.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is akin to Matthew Arnold mentally and spiritually, no less than by ties of blood: she has the same intellectual scepticism, the same passion for religious truth; she has been largely influenced, too, by the great French and German thinkers who influenced him, and in Robert Elsmere, in David Grieve, in certain lesser persons of her other books, she has given these teachings a practical application, and shown and analysed, with a fine insight,

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BOROUGH FARM, MILFORD, GODALMING, WHERE "ROBERT ELSMERE" WAS WRITTEN.

their workings upon high-minded and emotional men who take themselves and all things earnestly. It is done with a tense human appeal that is irresistible and unfailing, for though every religious movement passes, the hopes and doubts and world-old questionings in which it has its rise are never finally put by, but are such as come and will come, more or less prevailingly, to most men of average intelligence until the end of time; and, in the main, it is this and their vivid actuality of incident and character that give the greatest of these novels their root in life and their continuing charm.

Beginning her career as an author, in 1881, with "Milly and Olly," an unambitious, small book for younger readers, in 1884 Mrs. Ward published "Miss Bretherton," a clever little sketch of theatrical life, whose beautiful heroine reflects the fascinating personality of a famous actress who, after a brief and brilliant triumph, retired from the stage while she was still young and her fame at its zenith; and in Miss Bretherton's lofty ideal of her art, in her insistence on reconciling that art with morality, as well as in the general trend and masterful characterisation of the book, one has glimpses and foreshadowings of the psychological instinct and profound knowledge of humanity, the large sympathy and altruistic purpose that reached their fullest expression in "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve," and had their share in the making of each one of the notable series of novels that have succeeded them.

But "Robert Elsmere" did not appear until 1888. In the meantime, Mrs. Ward had translated "Amiel's Journal," and in that intimate record of a spiritual pilgrimage one traces, perhaps, the beginnings and shadowy suggestion of Elsmere's own less stoical and more complex personality. Such sayings of Amiel's as "There is but one thing needful—to possess God"; or "It is the historical task of Christianity to assume with every succeeding age a fresh metamorphosis and to be for ever spiritualising more and more her understanding of the Christ and of salvation"; or "Our century wants a new theology—that is to say, a more profound explanation of the nature of Christ and of the light which it flashes upon heaven and upon humanity"—these, in a manner, anticipate the mind of Elsmere himself, the convictions in which, after much travail of soul, he found something of peace at last.

The success of "Robert Elsmere" was instant and startling. In the press, the critics cried it up or down with equal vehemence; the pulpits fulminated against it, or gave it qualified approval; courses of lectures were delivered about it; pamphlets were published to prove that its doctrines were noble and elevating or utterly pernicious; and while its prosperity was still on the increase, a critical article by Mr. Gladstone, in the *Nineteenth Century*, lent a fresh impetus to its popularity and sealed it for admission into those vast serious circles where the ordinary novel is not, or was not in those days, taken into account.

The absorbing interest of the book was granted even by those who held its teachings in abhorrence; yet it is quite unusually long and its plot is of the very simplest. It relies chiefly, indeed, as all enduring work in fiction does and must, upon the verisimilitude of its characters and the hold they take upon the reader's sympathies. You may be irritated by the narrow creed of Catherine, by her blind, unquestioning faith, her conventional habit of thought and the dull obstinacy with which she cramps her own life, and the lives of those she loves, in a rigid and unintelligent fulfilment of the dying wishes of her father; but your very irritation is a testimony to her actuality—if she were less true to life, less real to the imagination, you could not be sufficiently interested in her to resent the innocent ignorance and saintly littlenesses in her that count for so much in the shaping of Elsmere's destiny and her own. Moreover, if she had not been so uncompromising and her religious beliefs so shrined above the reach of reason, Elsmere's love romance would have been too insipid to have been worth telling, and, after their marriage, there could not have been that fierce and agonising spiritual conflict betwixt them, and all the intensity must have been absent from that painfully dramatic scene in which, after long heart-searching and pitying hesitancy, Elsmere brings himself to confess to her that he can no longer believe in the divinity of Christ, that he is an outcast from the sanctities of her religion and must resign his living and sever himself from communion with the Church outside whose pale she inexorably believed there was no hope of salvation.

The unanswerable arguments in that heretical book of the Squire's (a sinister personage, drawn with con-

summate fidelity and effectiveness, as are all, even the least important, men and women in the novel) are rightly not revealed, for if they failed to persuade us, as they and converse with the Squire are said to have persuaded Elsmere, then his conversion from Christianity to a sort of theism must of necessity have been unconvincing and unreal, and to that extent the story would have been crudely inartistic. Yet one general outcry against the book was that these potent reasonings were not duly set forth in it; that while the other side had such powerful advocates as the broadly philosophical Oxford tutor, Henry Grey, and the brilliant, selfishly cynical Langham, Christianity was allowed no champion other than the simple, ascetic, ritualistic priest, Newcome, who could oppose little to Elsmere's doubts but Scriptural commonplaces and exhortations to fast and pray and crucify the flesh.

The aim of "Robert Elsmere" was, as Mr. Gladstone said, "to expel the preternatural element from Christianity, to destroy its dogmatic structure, yet to keep intact the moral and spiritual results," and he protested that at the hands of Mrs. Humphry Ward "a great creed with the testimony of eighteen centuries at its back cannot find an articulate word to say in its defence." But this was, of course, to regard what was primarily a novel concerned with life and character and the play of human passions and errors, as nothing but a cut and dried essay in theological polemics. Assuming that the defence of Christianity could have been and had been presented with the triumphant results that certain critics considered inevitable, then Elsmere's doubts must have been laid, and he had remained firm in the faith instead of deserting the Church and suffering that bitter estrangement from his wife—obviously, in a word, there would have been no story to tell, or a story that would substitute a dramatised compendium of Christian evidences and philosophic doubts for the engrossing soul's tragedy that took the world by storm.

For the vogue and influence of "Robert Elsmere" were by no means limited to England. The book was translated into various languages; it carried its torch of controversy flaming all across the Continent and through America and the colonies, giving an impetus to religious thought everywhere by the very opposition and resentment it aroused. Nowhere was its success more marked than in Germany, where it was the subject of earnest and elaborate criticism and discussion, and inspired one author to write what appears to have been a sequel to it under the title of "Catherine Elsmere's Widowhood."

"Why do people read a book like 'Robert Elsmere,' and why do they take any interest in it?" a newspaper interviewer inquired of Colonel Ingersoll. "Simply because they are not satisfied with the religion of our day," replied the American apostle of free-thought. He considered that the book was conservative. "It is an effort to save something," he said—"a few shreds and patches and ravellings from the wreck"; and he was not far wrong in describing Elsmere's new religion as "after all, only a system of outdoor relief." But what then? Having studied and got to know a lot of things he is really none the wiser for knowing, Elsmere breaks away from the orthodox Christian tenets, forlornly assured that "the miraculous Christ story rests on a tissue of mistakes," that "Christ was only a wise man, and miracles do not happen," and proceeds to construct out of the salvage of his shattered theology a simple humanitarian gospel that is something nearer to his heart's desire:

> "Ruled by the Scripture and his own advice,
> Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;"

and though in the last resort his reformed gospel is no more demonstrable than was the one he has discarded, that is no flaw in the novel. On the contrary, it harmonises entirely with the broad, insistently human note of the whole book, for it is an essentially human futility that Elsmere's new religion, like every new religion that men have formulated, should be as elusive and as dark with potential uncertainties as the old.

"David Grieve," which followed Elsmere after a lapse of four years, is in many respects the greater novel of the two. The narrative moves with an easier, larger sweep, and is managed with an assured mastery of construction and matured literary style. Here again there is conflict between the revelations of ancient theology and the revelations of modern science, but only as strong undercurrents and not as the all-absorbing main stream of the lives that are troubled and

THE CHURCH AT PEPER HAROW.

Much of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Peper Harow is described in the "Surrey" book of "Robert Elsmere." Mrs. Ward spent the summer of 1882 at Peper Harow Vicarage.

"Through a break in a line of trees, he caught sight of the tower and chancel window of the little church. In an instant he had a vision of early summer mornings—dewy, perfumed, silent, save for the birds, and all the soft stir of rural birth and growth, of a chancel fragrant with many flowers, of a distant church with scattered figures, of the kneeling form of his wife close beside him, himself bending over her, the sacrament of the Lord's death in his hand. The emotion, the intensity, the absolute self-surrender of innumerable such moments in the past—moments of a common faith, a common self-abasement—came flooding back upon him."—"Robert Elsmere."

From a Photograph kindly supplied by the Rev. C. Gilbert Harvey.

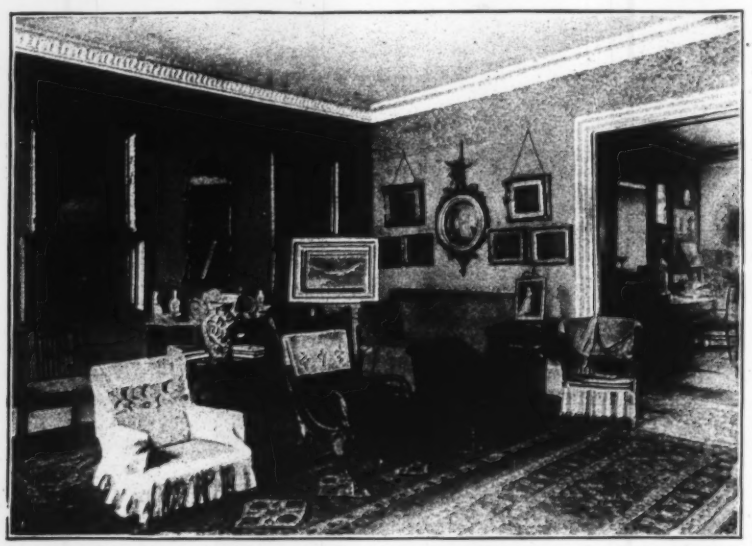
THE VALLEY OF LONG WHINDALE (LONG SLEDDALE).

"Beyond a certain bend which the stream makes half way from the head of the dale, the hills grow steeper, the breadth between them contracts, the enclosure lines are broken and deflected by rocks and patches of plantation, and the few farms stand more boldly and conspicuously forward, each on its spur of land, looking up to or away from the great masses of frowning crag which close in the head of the valley, and which from the moment they come into sight give it dignity and a wild beauty."—"Robert Elsmere."

subtly influenced by them. David himself is more of a faulty, inconsistent, full-blooded natural man than Elsmere; he tries a wider range of emotions, his experiences are more varied and have more of colour in them. Between the early years when he and his elfish, wilful, hapless sister Louie tended their uncle's sheep in the Derbyshire hills, and the quiet end, where he is a widower with one son, a prosperous, middle-aged publisher and bookseller in Manchester, running his business on co-operative principles and taking a keen, practical interest in the current questions of labour and poverty, he had burnt through lawless ecstasies of love and joy and grief, and an intoxication of black despair against which Elsmere's narrower scope of feeling and straiter moral temperament and training had ramparted him inviolably.

In "Marcella," and in "Sir George Tressady," which is by way of being a sequel to it, Mrs. Ward handles contemporary politics and the tangled social problems of the hour with consummate art and effectiveness. Through a stormy atmosphere of political rivalries and parliamentary intrigues, an impulsive, fascinatingly tantalising individuality, constantly led astray in her judgment by her acute sympathy with the poor and the unhappy, and as constantly brought back to a sane comprehension of things by her innate common-sense and great-heartedness, Marcella emerges, at last, statuesquely magnificent, but sensitively feminine, one of the most capricious, truthful, and charmingly womanly women that fiction has given us. She is willing at first to marry Raeburn because she foresees that his wealth and position will assist her incalculably in her endeavours after social reformation; she indignantly breaks off their engagement on the eve of marriage because Raeburn feels that he cannot conscientiously support her petition for the reprieve of Hurd, the wretched hunchback poacher who shot one of his keepers in a midnight affray, and she is racked with grief for the condemned man's heart-broken wife and sickly children; then, having spent some months as a nurse, toiling among the London slum-dwellers, and having come to a larger knowledge of the world and of him and of herself, she marries him for love only, when he had lost all hope of ever winning her. The scene of her final self-surrender, and the tact and characteristic nobility with which Raeburn acquiesces in her remorseful self-humiliation without allowing her to feel humiliated is very finely done.

The poacher Hurd, his wife and family, his squalid home life and warped morality, are drawn with a knowledge and biting realism that make them live in the memory with the detail and vividness of personal observation. Mrs. Ward knows the rural mind and the drab life of the countryside intimately, and the peasants and village folk transcribed in her pages, with all their cramped sympathies, their wry humour and pathetic patience, their sluggish subtleties and simplicities of thought and emotion, are as racy of the soil and as distinctly individualised as any even in that wonderful miscellany of rustics Mr. Thomas Hardy has created. There is Uncle Reuben, in "David Grieve," with his grim, uncomfortable religion, and his inarticulate kindnesses; there is his hard, unscrupulous wife Hannah, who terrorises over him and holds him in fierce subjection, till his struggling, half-suffocated conscience nerves him to scrape and save and make secret restitution to his brother's children of the money Hannah is filching from them, and then to confess to her, fearfully, what he has done, with such nearly fatal results that her frenzy of rage culminates in a stroke of paralysis. There is the crazy old schoolmaster, 'Lias



THE ROOM IN MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S HOUSE, RUSSELL SQUARE, IN WHICH "ROBERT ELSMERE" WAS COMPLETED.

Dawson, and his gentle, long-enduring wife, Margaret. There are, to say nothing of many another, old Patton, the wistful Mrs. Brunt, and the rest of that memorable group of villagers in "Marcella," with the vivacious, quaintly malicious and independent Mrs. Jellison, and her somewhat morose daughter, the gamekeeper's wife. Mrs. Ward understands these humble poeple thoroughly, and is kenly sensitive to the hardness and monotony and the hopeles limitations of their existences, and recognises and feelingly denounces the petty injustice they are often compelled to put up with at the hands of the squires, landlords, and masters on whom they are pitifully dependent. She inveighs against the crying iniquity of the game laws, and against the insanitary and tumble-down state of the labourers' cottages with a fiery earnestness that Charles Kingsley himself, in all his savage tilting at those same old grievances, scarcely surpassed.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Barraud.

Nowhere is this minute knowledge of village life and character used more tellingly than in "The Story of Bessie Costrell," a little masterpiece of sustained narrative power and realistic romance, the poignant pathos of whose closing scene touches one by its simple directness as no other passage of Mrs. Ward's writing does, except, perhaps, that amazingly vivid picture of the foundry accident in "Helbeck of Bannisdale," when the wondering, frightened little girl is brought in among the rugged workmen as the burial service is about to be read before the furnace in which her father has perished.

But Mrs. Ward appears to approach the lower classes in London in a curiously different spirit; she does not evince the same intimacy with them, or move among them on the same friendly, equal footing. She uses them more in masses and as material necessary to the foundation of social propaganda, as a race to be taken in hand by rescue associations or the Charity Organisation Society, as unfortunates to be elevated in the bulk by means of lectures and serviceable institutions. She does not, with any effectiveness, show these town-bred men and women as separate entities and as they live in their own homes. Elsmere goes to preach to them and regenerate them by means of his new "Brotherhood"; or, accompanied by aristocratic friends, faces a crowd of them in debate at a public hall; Marcella and her husband establish an extra residence at Mile End and receive tired seamstresses and pallid artisans at informal "At Homes" where they would be awkward and unlike their normal selves, and to which those who were best worth knowing would be too proud to come; whilst earlier in her history Marcella had been to work among the poor as a member of a Nursing Home, and seeing, in that capacity, much of the worse side of lower London, was cured of some of her humanitarian illusions and impelled towards reconciliation with her aristocratic lover, whose apparent lack of humanity had stung her into revolt.

Speaking of this lover reminds one that though Mrs. Ward never hampers herself with anything intricate in the way of a plot, the love romances that grow up amid the strain and stress of the social, political, or religious problems that are handled in her novels, have an infinite freshness and variety. Once or twice the ending is unhappy, but only once does it fall a little short of being

THE FARM IN LONG SLEDDALE, DESCRIBED AS THE SCENE OF MARY BACKHOUSE'S DEATH.

The weird story of the ghost or "bogle" of Deep Crag, caused Mary Backhouse's "madness of despair," and it was Catherine Leyburn's habit to visit the old grey stone farmhouse where the girl lay dying. One of these visits led to the stormy night ramble up Bleacliff Tarn Road with Robert Elsmere, upon which occasion Catherine promised to become his wife.

convincing, and that is in the case of "Helbeck of Bannisdale." Laura Fountain, inoculated with the advanced Radicalism and materialistic philosophy of her dead father, goes with her step-mother to live in the ruined mansion of Bannisdale, and there comes into contact with the strict, bigoted Roman Catholicism of the Jesuitical Helbeck. After scorning and ridiculing his fastings and prayings and his conventional superstitions, she comes to respect and, after flagrant outbreaks of rebellion, even to love the serious, sincere gentleman, who in return loves her with a passion that is only less than his love of heaven. Finally, in her utter devotion to him she is desirous of learning something of his religion in the hope of being converted to it. But his creeds are, she fears, irreconcilably alien to her very nature, and on the night of his sister's death, it is borne in upon her that she can never share his faith and her disbelief must always be a barrier between them, and in a dark access of despair she puts an end to her life. It is so powerfully and plausibly accomplished, this solution of the difficulty, that one is carried away in the reading and takes the probability of it for granted, but on after reflection it affects one as strained and unlikely, and lacks the sequential fitness that gives the suicide of Bessie Costrell its tragic touch of inevitability. This element of Roman Catholicism, in contrast with an opposing system of religion or morality, is introduced again in "Eleanor" and in "Lady Rose's Daughter," but amid vastly different surroundings and to subserve widely different purposes.

It is impossible to do more here than touch very superficially on certain aspects and general tendencies of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work; and if it were not impossible, it would be unnecessary. A more practical and reliable testimony to the force of her genius is to be found in the far-reaching success that has attended the publication of each new novel of hers since "Robert Elsmere." "David Grieve" was almost as extensively translated. and has since been written and lectured about in half the languages of Europe; an able and appreciative address by a German Professor who treated the book as a typical presentation of certain phases of English religious opinion, having been recently reprinted in the "Anglia." Of her later books, "Marcella" has been done into French, and "Helbeck of Bannisdale" is very shortly to appear in a well-known French journal.

Among living women novelists in England, Mrs. Humphry Ward occupies a unique eminence. Probably none has achieved a greater or sounder European reputation; and certainly none of them has done more to revivify and humanise the Christian ideal, or to stimulate thought and the enthusiasm for social reform; no other has exercised a more fruitful influence on the intellects and emotions of the religious, the sceptical, the serious-minded publics of her day and generation.

A MOORLAND BROOK AT THE FOOT OF THE VALLEY, NEAR MARRIOTT'S FARM.

"To his left was the black and semicircular cliff, down the centre of which the Downfall stream, now tamed and thinned by the dry spring winds, was trickling. The course of the stream was marked by a vivid orange colour, produced, apparently, in the grit by the action of water; and about halfway down the fall a mass of rock had recently slipped, leaving a bright scar, through which one saw, as it were, the inner mass of the Peak, the rectangular blocks, now thick, now thin, as of some Cyclopean masonry, wherewith the earth-forces had built it up in days before a single alp had yet risen on the face of Europe."—"David Grieve."

THE SCENES OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVELS.

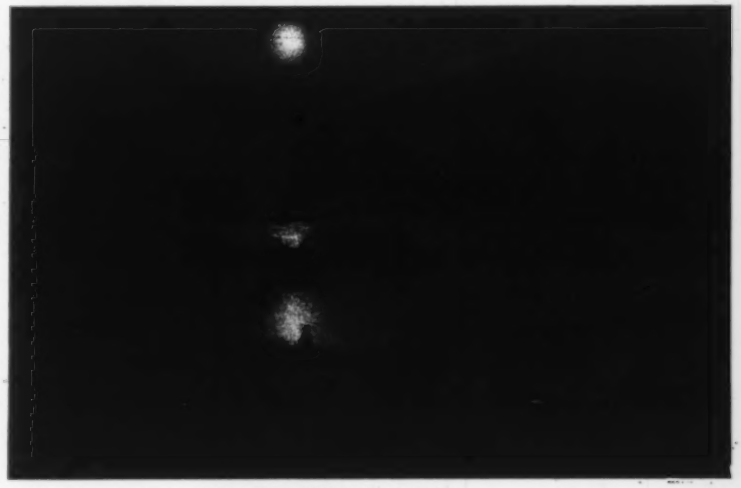
By F. Hamel.

IT is only necessary to read the opening lines of "David Grieve," "Robert Elsmere," "Marcella," or "Helbeck of Bannisdale" to realise something of the solicitude with which an author may approach the task of providing a soil pre-eminently fit for the development of seeds of character. In the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward solicitude merges into reverence; a reverence which never tires. In subsequent pages the soil is deliberately and skilfully tended, the germs are fostered and

at the conclusion of the work a wonderful ripening has crowned the resultant growth.

The places which Mrs. Ward has selected in England as a fitting background to her more striking figures fall naturally into two chief and two minor divisions.

First in importance and in extent of area comes the Westmoreland district. Bounded, roughly, by Ullswater on the north; on the west by Rydal, Ambleside and Cartmell Fell; on the east by Hawes Water and Long Sleddale, and running south through Kendal to Sizergh Hall and Levens, is an elongated tract of country in which are placed the scenes of "Robert Elsmere," "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and the concluding portion of "David Grieve." But the real David Grieve country is that "inaccessible district which marks the mountainous centre of mid-England—the district of Kinder Scout and the High Peak," where all around stretches "the home of heather and plashing water, of grouse and peewit, of cloud and breeze."



THE MERMAID'S POOL.

On the shoulder of Kinder Scout lay the Mermaid's Pool, where Jenny Crum was drowned. David and Louie Grieve's escapade on Easter Eve was occasioned by the hope of meeting the witch on her nocturnal wanderings.

"The Pool showed dimly beneath him, and the gruesome hour was stealing on them fast. His heart beat quick. The weirdness and loneliness of the night came home to him more than they had done yet. The old woman dragged to her death, the hooting crowd, the inexorable parson, the struggle in the water, the last gurgling cry—the vision rose before him on the dark with an ever ghastlier plainness than a while ago on the mountain-top."—"David Grieve."

Continuing a line drawn between Ullswater and Kinder Scout athwart the map of England, it will cut through two places of interest in connection with "Marcella" and "Robert Elsmere," viz., Hampden House, Great Hampden, Buckinghamshire, the chief original of Mellor Park, and its surroundings; and, further south, the district of Godalming, Milford and Peper Harow, that "strange mixture of suburbanism and the desert" which is the Murewell of the Elsmeres' Surrey. In mentioning with these the Crewe district of "Sir George Tressady," the Manchester of David Grieve's youth and maturity, the London of Julie Le Breton, of Marcella and of Elsmere, the Oxford of Edward Langham and the Cambridge of the Friedlands, almost the final name has been placed upon the list of localities in England, and it is necessary to turn to the Continent in order not to lose sight of the wondrous Italy of "Eleanor," the Lake of Como episode in "Lady Rose's Daughter," and the "storm and stress" period of David's Fontainebleau.

The Westmoreland district may be subdivided into three, for it comprises centres in accordance with the books which treat of its scenery. Long Sleddale is the Long Whindale of "Robert Elsmere," and near the head of the vale, where the outline of the steepening hills is broken and deflected by rocks and patches of plantation, is situated Burwood Farm, "the lonely house in the lonely valley" where Catherine Leyburn watched over her mother, brought up her sisters, and herself became "a sort of Deborah" of the Westmoreland Dales. Within sight of Burwood is the Vicarage of Long Whindale, the home at this time of Mr. Thornburgh, an incumbent of a later school than that of the period when "Ef ye'll nobbut send us a gude schulemeaster a verra' moderate parson 'ull dea!" was a characteristic Westmoreland saying. To this vicarage came Robert Elsmere, impelled by recent illness to visit his colleague and cousin, and destined to fall into the match-making hands of Mrs. Thornburgh in spite of the incredulous remark, "a saint, a beauty, and a wit all to yourselves in these wilds!" with which he received her eulogies concerning the Leyburns.

The wooing of Catherine ran a varying course among the bare tracts and lonely crags of the fells of this north country, accelerated by the rain-driven walk from Shanmoor, where Elsmere had discovered "enchanted soil" in the black purple of the ridge upon ridge of mountains stretching to Wetherlam, the Pikes and Fairfield; re-

THE FAIRBROOK CLOUGH, FROM THE SNAKE INN FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

"David, high on his bank, from which the black overhanging eaves curled inwards beneath his feet to a sullen depth of water, could see against the moonlit sky the posts which marked the track from the Downfall to the Snake Inn on the Glossop Road. Miss that track—a matter of some fifteen minutes' walk for the sturdy farmer who knows it well—and you will find yourself lost in a region which has no features and no landmarks, where the earth lays snares for you and the mists betray you, and where even in bright sunshine there reigns an eternal and indescribable melancholy."—"David Grieve."

THE DOWNFALL: A MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

"In the very centre of the great curve a white and surging mass of water cleft the mountain from top to bottom, falling straight over the edge, here some two thousand feet above the sea, and roaring downward along an almost precipitous bed into the stream—the Kinder—which swept round the hill on which the boy was standing, and through the valley behind him. In ordinary times the 'Downfall,' as the natives call it, only makes itself visible on the mountain-side as a black ravine of tossed and tumbled rocks. But there had been a late snowfall on the high plateau beyond, followed by heavy rain, and the swollen stream was to-day worthy of its grand setting of cliff and moor."—"David Grieve."

tarded by Catherine's struggle between duty and inclination which took place at the foot of the gnarled and solitary thorn, her favourite spot, where she sank down, a lonely girl figure in blue cloak and hood, to wrestle with the memory of her father's trust; and finally—a strange sequel to the weird story of the ghost or "bogle" of Deep Crag, the cause of Mary Backhouse, the carrier's daughter's "madness of despair," and the occasion of Catherine's frequent visits to the old farmhouse at High Ghyll, where the girl lay dying—finally to culminate during that stormy night ramble with Elsmere up the Bleacliff Tarn road which closes the Westmoreland portion of "Robert Elsmere."

The scene changes to Surrey, and the acquaintanceship is commenced with Squire Wendover and his sister Mrs. Darcy, leading to that terrible fight for truth actually won by Elsmere on a memorable walk across Ryle Common, which lies close to Rodborough Common and the Portsmouth Road, on his way to Murewell (Peper Harow) to acquaint Catherine with the change in his religious convictions.

When planning "David Grieve," Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed for a time at "Marriott's Farm," in the Peak District. The typical farmhouses of the neighbourhood no doubt suggested Needham's Farm, where David and Louie Grieve spent their childhood in the charge of their Aunt Hannah and her husband Reuben, a none too happily-chosen guardianship, since the former's temper was of the "brooding and grasping order," and the latter's dishevelled and disjointed appearance had earned for him the neighbours' description of "as slamp an' wobbly as an owd cornboggart." Yet there was compensation to David for his aunt's harsh nagging and his sister's irritating perversity ("it was the tragedy of Louie Grieve's fate, whether as child or woman, that she was not made to be loved") in the charm of the wild and rugged country round Kinder Scout, that western rampart of the Peak, piled "edge" behind "edge," the very centre of the great sweep of moors cleft by the "white and surging mass of water" called the Downfall, which fell straight over the edge, here some two thousand feet above the sea, and roared downward along an almost precipitous bed into the Kinder stream.

David's special place of refuge in times of trouble was "T' owd smithy," the "enchanted ground" of his childhood, a ruined building half-way up the mountain side, where in days far remote the millstones of the district had been fashioned, two or three of these huge stones still reposing uselessly, half buried in the heather. Here also, in a corner formed by the walls of the building, stood David's large iron pan, dragged thither by himself and the farm-donkey one never-to-be-forgotten day, and filled to the brim with water, where "on rare occasions" he sailed the fleet of tiny boats constructed by the help of his friend Mr. Ancrum, the lame minister of Clough End, and usually hidden jealously in a crevice. Another resource was his miniature waterwheel which turned merrily in the Red Brook, a westerly affluent of the Downfall Stream. Yet more grateful to David at this early period than the kindly interest of Mr. Ancrum, was the friendship of "owd 'Lias Dawson," the queer dreamer who fifteen years earlier had been the schoolmaster of Frimley Moor End, and was held in local esteem as "t' cliverest mon abeawt t' Peak." It was Dawson who first excited the children's keen interest in Jenny Crum's Pool, gleaming "far away beyond the Downfall on a projecting spur of the moor," which caused David to search an old paper-covered guide to the Peak for information concerning the "English Hamadryad." He learnt that she "lives in the side of the Scout; that she comes to bathe every day in the Mermaid's Well, and that the man who has the good luck to behold her bathing will become immortal and never die." This resulted in the children stealing away from the farm on Easter Eve, Louie's thin girlish figure clad in a "skimp cotton dress and red crossover, her long legs cased in blue worsted stockings," as she and David fled "in an ecstasy of freedom," leaping "through the elastic carpet of heather and bilberry and across bogs which showed like veins of vivid green on the dark surface of the moor," up to the shoulder of the Scout, where "gleaming under the level light" lay the wondrous Mermaid's Pool. The rough and lonely road from the High Kinder Valley runs past the foundry and the printing works to Clough End, where David listened in Simes's shed to the pleading of the mill-hand preacher. The practice of attending prayer-meetings grew upon him, to end disastrously in a flogging from Jim Wigson perpetrated at a public-house on the road between Castleton and Clough End, which confirmed David's

opinion that "religion was not for such as he," and became an important factor in the considerations which induced him, on a day of piteous upheaval, to set off running down the Glossop Road past the Snake Inn on his way to Manchester to carve out a path to fortune on his own account.

A very different picture is this David, the youthful and dreamy rustic in "his worn fustian suit and red Tam o' Shanter cap," from that of the successful but saddened David, come to manhood but no less dreamy, who tends his dying wife with loving watchfulness in the charming little Westmoreland cottage near Pelter Bridge, Rydal, within sight of Nab Scar, Loughrigg, and the larch plantations on the side of Silver How.

It is indeed a far cry from this peaceful scenery of Ambleside to the richness of "Eleanor's" Italy.

"Olive-grounds and vineyards, plough-lands and pine plantations sank, slope after slope, fold after fold, to the Campagna. And beyond the Campagna, along the whole shining line of the west, the sea met the sunset; while to the north, a dim and scattered whiteness rising from the plain—was Rome."

On this scene Mrs. Humphry Ward gazed from the Villa Barberini, Castel Gandolfo, where she began to write "Eleanor," and in the dedication to the book lies more than a suggestion of the strong affection she retains for it. This, too, is the scene upon which Edward Manisty looked down from the terrace of the old Villa on the Alban Hills, the villa with its garden of ilex-avenues, its salon all splendour—a wealth of pictures, fine hangings and luxurious carpets—and its sparsely-furnished dining-room in marked contrast, described by Eleanor as that odious room "which Edward will have left in its sins."

It was at Nemi, situated on the edge of the deep-sunk lake, with its Orsini tower and its Temple site, called by the people the "Giardino del Lago," that Lucy Foster was stoned by rough peasants whilst Eleanor and Manisty were visiting the Egeria Spring, an episode which resulted in Lucy's strange ride back to the Villa with Manisty beside her, along the lonely path that was all silence and woody fragrance, through a "world of opal colour arched by skies of pale green, melting into rose above and daffodil gold below." Later we find Manisty pacing the dim grass walks among the olives in the *podere*, whilst Eleanor flings from her window into the trees, the terra-cotta figure he had given her at Nemi.

With the flight of Eleanor and Lucy from the Villa the scene is removed to the valley of the Paglia, beyond Orvieto, a district of vast oak woods, almost English in its verdure, where stands in imposing grandeur the Castle of Torre Alfina, the Torre Amiata of the book, new-built on the site of an old Sforza Palazzo. Here Mrs. Ward stayed, becoming so inspired by the beauty of the surrounding "Sassetto" that she utilised it as the background for the last chapters of "Eleanor," and in the very heart of its fastnesses delivered the still half-unwilling Lucy into Manisty's safe-keeping.

To return to Westmoreland, it is interesting to know that the idea of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" was suggested to Mrs. Ward by the history of the old Catholic

THE VALLEY OF THE KINDER BROOK.

From a Photograph taken on Marriott's Farm, near the Red Brook.

"He made for a corner in the wall, vaulted it on to the moor, crossed a rough dam built in the stream for sheep-washing purposes, jumped in and out of the two grey-walled sheep-pens beyond, and then made leisurely for a spot in the brook—not the Downfall stream, but the Red Brook, one of its westerly affluents—where he had left a miniature water-wheel at work the day before. Before him and around him spread the brown bosom of Kinder Scout; the cultivated land was left behind; here on all sides, as far as th eye could see, was the wild home of heather and plashing water, of grouse and peewit, of cloud and breeze."—"David Grieve."

family of the Stricklands who have been settled for many generations at Sizergh, near Kendal. During one long day of travel from North to South, the whole story shaped itself clearly in her mind. Bannisdale is not to be identified with the district of that name lying to the north of Long Sleddale. It is a combination of Levens Hall and Sizergh Hall, and the river Kent is doubtless mirrored in the tumbling river Greet with the roar of its "flood-voice," so dear to Alan Helbeck. The book depicts vividly the peat moss country round Kendal and Arnside, marked here and there by barely distinguishable lines of weather-beaten trees, "or by more solid dots of black which the eye of the inhabitant knew to be peat stacks." Beyond are level streaks of greyish white, where the Greet loops with the Flent, flowing onward to the estuary and the sea. Across the former river is the bridge where Laura played the ghost after her stolen interview with Hubert Mason, an incident which led to awkward explanations with the Master of Bannisdale, and practically opened that terrible battle between love and truth which ended in Laura's tragic death, forcing her, "step by step, to this last bitter resource—this awful spending of her young life—this blind witness to august things!" The quiet "little chapel high in the hills," where Laura was buried in the country she loved so well, which holds her so tenderly and gives her of its loveliest and its best, is at Cartmel Fell, and with this peaceful scene we reach perhaps the most artistic conclusion to anything that Mrs.

Humphry Ward has written, and a fitting finish to a cursory survey of some of the charming spots of scenery she has brought so near.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

By D. HAY FLEMING, LL.D.

HE who would write a satisfactory history of Scottish literature ought to have other qualifications besides brains, learning, assiduity, and assurance. He ought to have taste, judgment, wide

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

sympathies, and fulness of knowledge. On such an extensive subject, the last is hardly to be expected in a young man. Had Mr. Millar confined his attention to one century he might have mastered it; but he has attempted too much, and—notwithstanding his decided opinions and emphatic language—has unwittingly furnished tokens of his superficiality and lack of knowledge. These tokens are of many kinds and plentifully strew his pages. He is often astray in matters of fact, and is frequently defective or inaccurate in his bibliographical information. From the nature of some of his mistakes, it may be inferred that he has not personally examined all the books to which he refers with such an air of certainty.

David Laing's three-volume edition of Lyndsay was published in 1879, not in 1871. The "Book of Discipline" was neither enacted nor re-enacted in 1567. The battle of Pentland Hill was fought in 1666, not in 1679. John Scott's "Staggering State" covers a century, not merely a decade. Bishop Cowper died in 1619, not in 1617. Macward died in 1681, not in 1687. Bishop Russell did not edit the three volumes of the Spottiswoode Society edition of Spottiswoode's "History"; but only the first volume. Mark Napier edited the other two. Gilbert Burnet's "Vindication" was published in 1673, not in 1672. The first edition of Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" appeared in 1785, not in 1786. Robert Fergusson died in 1774, not in 1754. Dr. M'Crie did not write his articles on "Old Mortality" for the *Religious Instructor*, but for the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*. There was no edition of Malcolm Laing's "History" published in 1802. The first edition (in two vols.) appeared in 1800; the second (in four vols.) in 1804; and the third (in four vols.) in 1819. George Cook's "History of the Reformation" was published in 1811, not in 1810. Principal Lee's "Lectures" were issued in two volumes, not in one. As Mr. Millar says that Lee's publications "do scanty justice to his immense fund of learning and his unremitting industry," he ought to have mentioned his "Memorial for the Bible Societies," and his "Additional Memorial," instead of huddling them up under the phrase, "a few pamphlets." After stating that the Paisley edition of Jamieson's "Dictionary" is the best, he might have added that a Supplement was issued in 1887. Nor is it quite fair to Andrew Thomson to say that "one or two volumes of his sermons have been published," when, as a matter of fact, at least five volumes of his sermons, and three volumes of his pulpit lectures, have been printed. Sometimes, however, he deems it expedient to affect great precision, as in the case of Chalmers' "Caledonia," regarding which he says: "Of its three quarto volumes, the first contains 880, the second 1014, and the third 900 pages." Despite the seeming exactitude, these numbers are incorrect.

Some of these errors may be mere misprints. There are others which belong to a different category. Of Knox's "First Blast" he says: "there is a convenient edition, ed. Arber, 1880." Arber's reprint, in "The English Scholar's Library," is dated 1878. In describing the work, Mr. Millar asserts that Knox "circumvents rather lamely the awkward instances of Deborah and Judith." The truth is that Judith is not once mentioned in the work from beginning to end! Again, in discussing Buchanan's "Rerum Scoticarum Historia," he describes it as a work of "huge bulk, first published in 1582." Now, a copy of the first edition,

* "A Literary History of Scotland." By J. H. Millar, B.A., LL.B. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

with broad margins, only measures eleven and a half inches in height, barely eight in breadth, and one and an eighth in thickness, inside the boards. No one looking at such a book would ever dream of describing it as of "huge bulk." Less than a sentence is devoted to Napier of Merchiston's "Plaine Discouery of the whole Reuelation of Saint Iohn"; and yet it contains the extraordinary statement that the book is "in rhyme." An error of another kind is perpetrated regarding Irving's "History of Scotish Poetry," which he says was edited by David Laing; and yet on the title-page are the words: "edited by John Aitken Carlyle, M.D." This error is less excusable than it would otherwise have been, as the book is one of the half-dozen works to which he acknowledges special indebtedness. This last error is not due to any unworthy partiality for David Laing, to whom he gives no credit for the 1839 edition of "The Scots Musical Museum," although he wrote both the Preface and the Introduction to that edition, and furnished "Additional Illustrations" to each of its six volumes.

MELLOR PARK (SOME FEATURES OF WHICH WERE TAKEN FROM HAMPDEN HOUSE, GREAT HAMPDEN).

Marcella's father, Mr. Richard Boyce, succeeded to the ownership of Mellor Park, the old home of the Boyces, to which Marcella was summoned from the boarding-house in Kensington where she had been studying.

"Marcella was gathering flowers in the 'Cedar Garden,' the most adorable corner of Mellor Park, where the original Tudor House, grey, mullioned and ivy-covered, ran at right angles into the later 'garden front,' which projected beyond it to the south, making thereby a sunny and sheltered corner where roses, clematis, hollyhocks, and sunflowers grew with a more lavish height and blossom than elsewhere, as though conscious they must do their part in a whole of beauty."—"Marcella."

Photo by Messrs. Findlow & Co., High Wycombe.

It would be unreasonable to expect in such a work as this bibliographical lists of the various editions of the books dealt with, but some of the more noteworthy might have been so honoured. For example, no edition of Sir James Melville's "Memoirs" is mentioned except that issued by the Bannatyne Club in 1827. No hint is given that that edition was reprinted for the Maitland Club; nor does the reader learn from Mr. Millar's pages that the "Memoirs" passed through three editions in English, and more than one in French, before the days of the Bannatyne Club. There is no hint that the "Diurnal of Occurrents" was printed for the Maitland Club as well as for the Bannatyne; nor that "The Staggering State" was edited by Walter Goodall more than a century before Charles Rogers took it up. In enumerating "the principal collections of Scots songs and ballads posterior in date to Ramsay's," he might have mentioned R. A. Smith, Finlay Dun and John Thomson, Maidment, and Whitelaw. In speaking of Mr. James Melville's "Diary," he confesses his ignorance in these words: "No accessible edition of this work, so far as I am aware, exists; and I may, therefore, be excused for pointing such as desire a little to extend their acquaintance with this interesting author, to Henley and Whibley's 'Book of English Prose,' 1894, p. 107; Craik's 'English Prose,' vol. i., p. 505; and 'Chambers's Cyclopædia of Literature,' 1901, vol. i., p. 229." And so Mr. Millar does not know of the edition printed in 1842 for the Wodrow Society—a society which had such a large membership that its publications can be easily picked up at very moderate prices. He also betrays his lack of knowledge in his remarks on Wodrow's "papers" and "published works." Apparently he does not know that some of the papers are in the Edinburgh University Library. Among the published works he includes "certain *Biographical Collections* relating to Churchmen connected with the North of Scotland"; and adds in a note, "Ed. Lippe, New Spalding Club, 1890"; but he says nothing about the Selections from the Biographical Collections printed for the Maitland Club.

The book, however, is deficient in more important matters than bibliographical details. Some readers

THE CHURCH NEAR MELLOR PARK.

"The church stood all alone there under the great limes of the Park, far away from parsonage and village—the property, it seemed, of the big house. . . . It was the unpretending church of a hamlet, girt outside by the humble graves of toiling and forgotten generations, and adorned, or, at any rate, diversified within by a group of mural monuments, of various styles and dates, but all of them bearing, in some way or another, the name of Boyce."—"Marcella."

Photo by Messrs. Findlow & Co., High Wycombe.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

will not be satisfied with his reasons for practically excluding such men as James Thomson, James Boswell, Thomas Carlyle, Macaulay, and Mackintosh. Others will hold that men like Thomas Thomson, David Laing, and Cosmo Innes were entitled to much more space than has been devoted to them; and not a few will wonder why such men as John Stuart, Sir Daniel Wilson, and Dr. Joseph Anderson have been excluded. In dealing with Joseph Robertson, he ought to have mentioned his "Inuentaires de la Royne Descosse." It is not only in the later chapters that overcrowding occurs and that names are missed. One comes across a sentence like this, tacked on to the brief notice of James Guthrie: "His kinsman William (1620-65), minister of Fenwick, was equally celebrated as a pulpiteer, and more so as a sportsman." Sufficient space could and should have been found to refer to him as the author of a book which has been translated into several languages, has gone through more than sixty editions, and is still being reprinted.

Mr. Millar is not unduly burdened with consistency. For example, he charges Dr. Mitchell with having, in his edition of "The Gude and Godlie Ballatis," "deliberately mutilated" the gem of the collection. The truth is that Dr. Mitchell omitted three and a half lines for which he substituted dots; while his censor, who professes to present "so much as is presentable," deliberately omits four stanzas! On some points he is very full and explicit; but on others there is a lack of precision approaching to ambiguity, as in his remarks on the period of the earliest Scottish vernacular prose which has come down to us. If he means that we have nothing of that kind older than the early part of the fifteenth century he is in error; and if he means that we have no statutes in the vernacular earlier than that period, he is still in error. His excuse for quoting a comparatively late version of the vernacular Acts of 1424 and 1449, instead of the genuine, is extremely unsatisfactory, if not transparent. Again, in his notice of Father Dalrymple's translation of Bishop Lesley's "History," there is not the faintest hint about the blunders, as absurd as they are astounding, by which that translation is disfigured.

Without misgivings and with much candour, Mr. Millar criticises the various writers, great and small, with whom he deals. This is occasionally done in a manner suggestive of the appraising of goods for a sale, or their labelling before being stored. It must not be imagined, however, that his criticisms are mostly rough and ready, or off-hand. There is much conscientious work in his book, and many of his opinions are entitled to the highest respect. He has tried to be fair and impartial, and does not hesitate to point out the flaws and weaknesses of those he most admires; but his prejudices and dislikes are frequently too strong for him. Reforming zeal, puritanical tincture, covenanting earnestness, he cannot endure. Hence a number of wild and unwarranted statements, which need not be quoted here. Several of them have been refuted before, and the others could be easily exploded. On the other hand he can give praise where it is not deserved. Well informed Catholics will hardly relish his description of Archbishop Hamilton as one of the "most respectable of the supporters of the old order in Church and State." His bias seems also occasionally to affect his literary judgments, as in the case of John Howie, and others un-named, who, he says, "though extravagant and absurd enough, are dull and savourless, for all their desperate efforts to grind out the old tune." Sir Walter Scott, in spite of his anti-covenanting prejudices, did not disdain to speak of Howie as "the fine old chronicler of the Cameronians." No doubt, in a note to "Old Mortality," he poked fun at him for his "rather unusual use" of the word "progenitors"; but his use of the word was neither unusual nor incorrect. Sir Walter was misled by a posthumous alteration of the passage.

Mr. Millar's style is by no means brilliant, but it is clear and serviceable. His tendency to use too emphatic and exaggerated language might be curbed with advantage. On the whole his work will be useful to those who require a guide of reasonable dimensions to Scottish literature.

New Books.

CHARLES READE.*

Nineteen years ago, when Charles Reade's novel, "A Perilous Secret," was appearing posthumously in the *Temple Bar Magazine*, Mr. John Coleman contributed to the pages of that periodical several chapters, entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade extending over Twenty Years." Although Mr. Coleman omits to mention the fact in his "Forewords," his new volume, "Charles Reade as I Knew Him," is based upon these earlier articles, and, indeed, is little more than an elaborated and detailed version of them. What interest the articles had in their original form has suffered in the process of expansion. This thick, handsome volume is a little book in great space. Had it been half the length it would have been twice as valuable.

A book more tantalising than "Charles Reade as I Knew Him" is not often produced. It is written throughout in the first person, and, as much of it is dialogue, it is often difficult, and sometimes well-nigh impossible, to know whether a statement emanates from Reade or Mr. Coleman. The arrangement of the book adds to the reader's bewilderment. It opens with a "Prologue—Thirty-five Years Ago," descriptive of the first meeting of Reade and Mr. Coleman in the former's house in Bolton Row. Then comes "A Retrospect of Half a Century," related by Reade to the chronicler; and this is followed by the "Random Recollections of Twenty Years" of Mr. Coleman. The volume, indeed, is more than a biography of Reade; it is also an autobiography of the biographer. To a certain extent this adds to the interest; but, to a far greater degree, it makes confusion worse confounded.

Much that Mr. Coleman has to say is valuable, but to find these passages is like seeking a needle in a bundle of hay. Mr. Coleman lacks the gift of compression—that first essential of the biographer—and he has not the slightest idea of selection. For example, he is at great pains to make clear the true history of the composition of "Masks and Faces"; but instead of a straightforward connected statement based on the authorities he has collected, he gives the authorities—Reade's own account, and Arnold Taylor's (the brother of Tom Taylor, Reade's collaborateur in this play), and an extract from "The Bancrofts On and Off the Stage"—and leaves the reader to weigh the evidence and to draw his own conclusions. Nothing could be more fair, of course; but when this sort of thing occurs more than once, one is apt to regard the book as little more than material for a memoir.

Mr. Coleman, as actor and theatrical manager, naturally enough, is interested in Reade's contributions to the stage, and his reminiscences are almost exclusively concerned with the author as playwright. Yet a book about Charles Reade, which practically ignores his novels, and has but one or two passing references to "The Cloister and the Hearth," may at least claim to rank as a curiosity of literature. It is "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. It is, however, due to Mr. Coleman to mention that he states in his prefatory note that the reader who expects an erudite disquisition on Reade's literary achievements is doomed to disappointment. But there is a vast difference between erudite disquisition and neglect. When dealing with Reade's plays, moreover, he ventures on dogmatic utterances, which even the most daring critic would hesitate to deliver. "Masks and Faces," he says, has "become a classic, doubtless destined to endure so long as the language in which it is written exists." What, then, is left to remark of "Two Loves and a Life," which Mr. Coleman declares is "the best, the very best play ever written by Taylor and Reade"?

Reade either adapted, translated, or (nearly always) wrote in collaboration no less than thirty-five plays, of which twenty-five have been staged. Of these, "Nance Oldfield," a version of "Tiradaté"; "Drink," an adaptation of "L'Assommoir"; and "Masks and Faces," written with Tom Taylor, still hold the boards to-day. "Drink" is a horrible, realistic drama, without any artistic signification; but "Nance Oldfield" is delightful, and "Masks and Faces" is a charming comedy. Yet it is doing Reade's reputation ill-service to speak of him as a great dramatist. Though the theatre always attracted him, and he devoted to playwriting much of his time, he never mastered its technique, and he has not enriched the literature of the drama with a single piece written by himself.

* "Charles Reade as I Knew Him." By John Coleman. 15s. net. (Treherne.)

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Coleman throws an interesting light on the condition of the English stage fifty years ago. Prices for dramatic works had ruled high in Garrick's time, when Johnson received £315 for the six-nights run of "Irene," Goldsmith £900 for "She Stoops to Conquer," and the now forgotten Holcroft obtained £900 for "The Follies of a Night," a translation of Beaumarchais' "Figaro." Then the pecuniary value of plays, at least so far as the author was concerned, steadily decreased. Lytton, one of the most popular writers of his day, received only two hundred guineas for "The Lady of Lyons"; Tom Taylor was given but £150 for "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," while Taylor and Reade between them were paid £100 for "Two Lives and a Love," and £150 for "Masks and Faces." It remained for Dion Boucicault to inaugurate the royalty system, which has resulted in making independent for life the writer of a successful play. The temporary fall in prices may, perhaps, be traced to the fact that most dramatic authors of that day "conveyed" pieces from the French, without remunerating the owner, or even acknowledging their indebtedness. In this respect Reade was a notorious offender. He was present at the first performance of Scribe and Lagouve's "Bataille des Dames," and was delighted with the comedy. "No British brigands were present, so it occurred to me to play the brigand myself," he said; and he obtained a copy of the play, and returned to London, when he immediately set to work on the adaptation. He never even thought to pay the authors, or to ask their permission. Circumstances alter cases, and Reade saw this matter in a different light when unauthorised dramatisations of "It is Never too Late to Mend" were staged. Then it was "pirates," "plunderers," "nefarious transactions," and lawsuits.

It is not as a dramatist, but as a novelist, that Reade's name will be handed down to posterity. Yet of the seventeen stories he wrote, only about half-a-dozen are read or even remembered to-day, and most of these will sooner or later be forgotten. But "The Cloister and the Hearth" is immortal.

"Peg Woffington," which is "Masks and Faces" turned

MELLOR PARK (DESCRIBED FROM THE AVENUE AT GREAT HAMPDEN).

"Beyond the lawn stretched a green descent indefinitely long, carrying the eye indeed almost to the limit of the view, and becoming from the lawn onwards a wide irregular avenue, bordered by beeches of a splendid maturity, ending at last in a far distant gap where a gate—and a gate of some importance—clearly should have been, yet was not."—"Marcella."

Photo by Messrs. Findlow & Co., High Wycombe.

into a novel, shows on every page its dramatic origin, and the air of exaggeration which pervades it, though acceptable on the stage, where everything requires to be emphasised, takes from it most of the daintiness that should be its principal quality. "Christie Johnston" is far better in every way. The story is slight to a degree, but the life of the Newhaven fisherfolk is drawn with the hand of a master. The humour is often forced and boisterous, the humour of the playwright anxious to create laughter at any cost; but some of the characters are real flesh and blood. Christie—lion-hearted girl!—lives in these pages, and the narrow-minded Mrs. Gatty and her snobbish, ungrateful son Charles. The whole is admirable, but there is one scene in the book so magnificent that once read it can never be forgotten. It is when Lord Ipsden visits old Jess Rutherford, and she pours out her troubles to him. "*My troubles*, laddie. The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through. . . Oh! ye needna vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for them, and couldna hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra my door till I hae thankit ye—but gie me time, gie me time. I canna greet a' the days of the week." Then she thanks him for his charity and blesses him as one who has the power and the right to bless or curse. The words roll forth, eloquent and musical, from this old peasant woman as from some grand old Hebrew prophet. A thousand good wishes she utters, until at the end she eclipses herself: "An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days—AND WI' THE PUIR IN THE WARLD TO COME!" There is nothing finer in literature than this scene, nothing more noble or more pathetic. It is the high-water mark of Reade's genius, and Reade at his best has been excelled by few.

"It is Never too Late to Mend" was written to expose the cruelty of the prison system then in vogue. This book, perhaps the most popular of all Reade's writings, has no claim to be regarded as literature. The author was carried away by his feelings when he was writing this horrible narrative, but while that is sufficient excuse for the man, it cannot be held to exculpate the artist. "Hard Cash" and "Foul Play" were also novels written with a purpose: the former to expose the opportunities for fraud so long as private lunatic asylums were not properly supervised; the latter to show how unseaworthy ships were sent to sea and deliberately scuttled for the sake of the insurance money. These, with "Griffith Gaunt," a tale with an unusually unpleasant plot, are the best, as well as the most widely known, of Reade's novels. They are well written and admirably constructed. As a rule, the interest is well sustained; the characters are carefully drawn, and there are some delightful scenes, such as the island episode in "Foul Play." They rank far above the work of the every-day writer of fiction, and could only have been composed by a well-informed, large-hearted man. They would have made the reputation of a lesser writer; but they are entirely eclipsed by their author's masterpiece. Compared with "The Cloister and the Hearth," all Reade's other books are as dross is to gold. Concerning the great historical romance, Mr. Coleman recalls an interesting fact showing how it was nearly strangled at birth: "When originally brought out [1851] under the name of 'A Good Fight' in *Once a Week*, its publication was suspended in consequence of the editor's tampering with the 'copy,' an indignity which the author resented by breaking off further relations, and abruptly and unsatisfactorily winding up the story. Ultimately, however, it saw the light in a complete form under its present well-known title." The editor of the periodical was subsequently confined in a lunatic asylum, whereupon Reade made one of his characteristic remarks. "Poor fellah!" he said. "Poor fellah! I'm sorry for him. Of course, I'm bound to be sorry for him as a Christian, but what else could be expected from a fellah who presumed to tamper with my copy?"

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE PEAT MOSS COUNTRY ROUND BANNISDALE (LEVENS AND SIZERGH).

"On either side of the high road which cut the valley from east to west, were black and melancholy fields, half reclaimed from the peat moss, fields where the water stood in the furrows, or a plough, driven deep and left, showed the nature of the heavy water-logged earth, and the farmer's despair of dealing with it till the drying winds should come. Some of it, however, had long before been reclaimed for pasture, so that strips of sodden green broke up, here and there, the long stretches of purple black. In the great dykes or drains to which the pastures were due, the water, swollen with recent rain, could be seen hurrying to join the rivers and the sea."—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."

ROBERT WALLACE'S LIFE AND LAST LEAVES.*

A life of Robert Wallace, from his own pen, might have been a precious possession of literature—a human document of permanent value. He had had "chequered experiences" above many; he set about the task of writing his autobiography with goodwill and honest intent to tell the truth, as it was known to him, concerning himself and the circumstances that hindered or helped him on his way; his powerful intellect and his keen interest in and enjoyment of life remained with him to the tragic close of his career. But like so many things in that career, the story of it is disap-

* "Robert Wallace: Life and Last Leaves." Edited by J. Campbell Smith and William Wallace. 16s. net. (Sands and Co.)

pointing; it fills one with a pathetic sense, if not of failure, of incompleteness. His "Reminiscences" are but a fragment. They do not bring us down later than his school-boy days in Culross and his preparations for college. They are profoundly interesting, alike as a self-revelation of the writer and as pictures of the surroundings and atmosphere of life in a humble Scottish home in the thirties and early forties, when the "Disruption" was stirring the soul of the nation to its depths. But only the pedestal of the projected work had been finished. Scaffolding and materials have been provided in ample quantity by the hands of friends. But even here Robert Wallace has been not quite fortunate. There have been "too many fingers in the pie." The materials themselves are good and often excellent; in particular, Sheriff Campbell Smith's sketches of student life in St. Andrews and of heresy-hunting in the General Assembly are in the spirit of Wallace, and yet of a character all their own. But the elements are not harmoniously mixed; there is a feeling of disproportion and of redundancy. The volume, while it holds many things wise and witty, brilliant and incisive, is weighted with much heavy ballast of old leading articles and speeches on forgotten controversies.

LEVENS HALL, NEAR KENDAL,

Where Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed when writing the early chapters of "Helbeck of Bannisdale." Bannisdale Park represents a combination of Levens Hall and Sizergh Hall.

"It was an old and weather-beaten house, of a singular character and dignity; yet not large. It was built of grey stone, covered with a rough-cast, so tempered by age to the colour and surface of the stone, that the many patches where it had dropped away produced hardly any disfiguring effect. The rugged 'pele' tower, origin and source of all the rest, was now grouped with the gables and projections, the broad casemented windows, and deep doorways of a Tudor manor-house."—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."

The contrast between capacity and achievement will painfully strike the readers of Wallace's "Life and Last Leaves." Men with but a small part of his rich intellectual endowment have made a much greater mark in the Church, in journalism, in law, and in politics. The fault was not in his early upbringing, which was sound and strenuous enough. Nor was it for lack of opportunity, for he drew many and varied prizes in the lottery of life. His failure to fulfil all that was hoped and looked for may be set down in part to circumstances and in part to temperament. He never found his metier—the place where he could settle down to work with cheerful heart and easy conscience; or, if he found it, the discovery came too late for him to score success. His brother, Dr. William Wallace, who is the editor of the book, thinks that a chief part of his original design in the autobiography was "to show the moral continuity and inevitableness of his chequered experiences." To surface observers, "continuity" may seem a strange phrase to apply to such a career. In his own words, he "started professional life as a quarryman," and thereafter was "successively or simultaneously Student, Schoolmaster, Parish Minister, University Professor, Journalist, Lawyer, or at all events Barrister, Member of Parliament, Director of Joint Stock Companies, Popular Lecturer, and Maker of Books." beyond which, he characteristically adds. "I do not at present see much prospect of advance." In religious and ecclesiastical opinion and feeling, he moved "from the strictest Calvinism and the Presbyterianism of the State Church of Scotland into a state of mind to which he could not attach any of the usual alphabetically-ordered labels, from Agnosticism to Zoroastrianism, both included."

It was perhaps his first and chief misfortune to be pitchforked into the Church: although this also may have been inevitable in the circumstances, and although the successor of Robert Lee, as minister of Old Greyfriars and Professor of Church History in Edinburgh University, did noble service in loosing the intellectual bonds of Scottish Presbyterianism. By nature he was a man of war, "a born rationalist and logician," who strove for clearness of thought, and whose native element was satiric humour. But there is restraint upon the free exercise of these weapons and qualities upon Church ideas and observances from within the Church, and Wallace came out of it. Among his defects was a want of mobility, so important in modern warfare of all kinds. He was a strong and clear thinker, but he "needed a good deal of time to do his cerebration in." It took him "seven years to master a trade"; at least, it took him that period "to get a grip of the General Assembly." And when he had laboriously acquired the art, it disqualified, or at least handicapped, him in getting a grip of the law, of journalism, and of politics. The defect manifests itself, and notably, even in his style. Professor Spalding did not succeed in purging the "Johnsonian tendencies" of his rhetoric. One must smile at the fun that Wallace, and Sheriff Smith after him, poke at the "clumsy sentences" of their early teachers. The clumsiest might easily be beaten by some prize specimens from the "Reminiscences" and the supplementary sketches. Wallace's blade often shears to the heart of the matter like Saladin's scimitar; but sometimes it is as ponderous and slow in descent as Athelstan's axe in the lists of Ashby. He never succeeded in wholly emancipating himself from "the circumbendibus style that suited the General Assembly"; and even in his Autobiography he has to make his "damnable faces" before beginning. Possessing "a bigger endowment of taciturnity than is the inheritance of most Scotsmen," he was unready also in un-

CARTMEL FELL CHAPEL, WHERE LAURA WAS BURIED.

"To-day we carried Laura to a little chapel high in the hills. A lonely yet a cheerful spot! After these days and nights of horror, there was a moment—a breath—of balm. The Westmoreland rocks and trees will be about her for ever. She lies in sight, almost, of the Bannisdale woods. Above her the mountain rises to the sky. . . . . What a fate!—that brought them across each other, that has left him nothing but these memories, and led her, step by step, to this last bitter resource—this awful spending of her young life—this blind witness to august things!"—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."

bosoming himself. He wisely and rightly refuses to disclose the innermost recesses of his confidence. But he opens the door into the interior of a lovable, a strongly-marked, and highly-gifted nature, and of a singularly varied experience; and one longs to see further. "I have had to wrestle with Apollyon," he says. "He has not finally overthrown me, and shall not." "I have all my life been trying to do the honest thing." His countrymen will gladly believe him, and find in this some of the secret of Robert Wallace's failures, as well as of his successes.

AMERICAN LITERARY HISTORY.*

Wide knowledge and critical discernment have qualified Professor Trent to write a good history of American literature, and the minute care which has evidently been given to every part of the book shows that he was engaged in congenial work. American literature, in a distinctive sense, covers only a brief period; but Professor Trent has not been satisfied to deal with this alone, but has surveyed, in detail, the arid waste of the preceding Colonial and Revolutionary periods. From the preface it would appear that this expansion of the subject is due primarily to the circumstance that the book is one of a series of "short histories of the literatures of the world," which necessitates, in the matter of bulk, a certain degree of uniformity with the other volumes. American literature, strictly so called, did not furnish enough material. To have dealt with it on the scale adopted by the writers of the volumes on the literature of France or England, says Professor Trench, would have meant the writing of an essay, not a book. Doubtless a liberal yet judicious use of quotations would have served to make a sufficient volume; but Professor Trench has chosen the difficult alternative, and has produced a more valuable work. The literary aspect of the far from literary Puritan settlements is not an enticing subject, but with his power of vivid narration, he has succeeded in giving it, not only a scholarly, but an unexpected degree of popular interest. He might have left his book to justify itself. An apologetic explanation was not needed. The early chapters are entirely appropriate to the subject, and there is no padding. The author himself discovers two advantages in the "somewhat magnified" scale. These amount to nothing more than the obvious truth that lesser and remoter authors who, otherwise, must have been omitted, could be discussed; but, being able to plead even this much in extenuation of his imaginary fault, he takes courage to ask the "kind indulgence" of his readers. Professor Brander Matthews, who, it appears, was good enough to read his proofs, might with advantage have called his attention to some advice he once gave about prefaces. He pointed out that a preface is written after the work is finished, at a "moment of depression and despondency, when the writer is a prey to dread doubt about his book and about himself;" and for this reason is only too likely to create an unfavourable prejudice. The critic, as he says, is only a fellow human being after all, and, like the rest of our fellow human beings, is quite ready to take us at our own valuation. His advice—which would hold good for other prefaces besides those of books—is: "Hold the head up; look the world in the eye; and he is a churlish critic who does not, at least, treat you with respect."

Looked at rightly, a request for "kind indulgence" is not only undignified but unreasonable. Why should the writer, any more than the lawyer or the doctor, plead for kind indulgence if he does his work ill? Having undertaken the work, it is his business not to do it ill. Happily, in the present case, there is much to praise and, excepting the unlucky preface, little to censure. It is not necessary to agree with all the critical estimates of Professor Trent in order to recognise that he possesses that quality of aloofness which is essential to just criticism. Here and there it is possible to discern a mild bias, in the shape of superadded tenderness or severity; but the critic being, as we have seen, "a fellow human being," less than this cannot be expected. Evidences are not wanting of a strenuous endeavour on the part of the author to be strictly and even sternly judicial. Perhaps the most marked instance of the kind is in the estimate of Emerson—a writer, it must be owned, who is only too likely to overcome the critic and lead him captive. Professor Trent, taking his cue from Matthew Arnold, is determined to show that he, at least, is a free man, as fully able to estimate Emerson's true

* "A History of American Literature." By William P. Trent, M.A., LL.D. 6s. (Heinemann.)

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Bassano.

THE VILLA BARBERINI, CASTEL GANDOLFO,
Where "Eleanor" was begun.

The view from the Villa Barberini, over the Campagna, is that upon which Edward Manisty gazed from the terrace of the Villa on the Alban Hills.

"Olive-grounds and vineyards, plough-lands and pine plantations sank, slope after slope, fold after fold, to the Campagna. And beyond the Campagna, along the whole shining line of the west, the sea met the sunset; while to the north, a dim and scattered whiteness rising from the plain—was Rome."—"Eleanor."

relative value as he is to estimate Griswold or Mrs. Sigourney. Accordingly, while Emerson's earlier essays are admitted to be "nobly stimulating," the "papers that make up 'The Conduct of Life'" are disposed of with amusing condescension as "not unimportant contributions to the literature of freedom." In this attempt to escape the dominating influence of Emerson, Professor Trent has placed himself in the bondage of Arnold, whose own estimate of Emerson is excellent as a stimulus to thought, but is a poor specimen of his powers in comparative criticism. Arnold denied that Emerson was a great poet. Professor Trent concedes that Emerson "is lifted above the category of minor poets," and even that he is, at least, "an important poet"; but like Arnold he does not discriminate sufficiently between the form and the spirit of poetry. In this connection Oliver Wendell Holmes drew a clever distinction between the poet and the singer. Emerson's title to be called a great poet rests not more on his verse than his prose. If he had not been essentially a poet, he could not have written even "The Conduct of Life." Professor Trent, however, declines to admit that he was even a great master of prose, "because of deficiencies of both style and substance." Is not this judgment too academical? "Emerson," writes Professor Trent, "has so leavened the thought of America with his fine idealism, his splendid belief in the capacity and the sacred rights and duties of the individual, his fearless Democratic Radicalism, that the latter-day reader receives as a matter of course utterances that thrilled the bosoms of youthful Americans two generations ago." Assuredly, to have used the literary instrument with such effect as this proves him to have been a great master of it, be his technical deficiencies and his mode of construction what they may. We are enabled to criticise others, said Thoreau, only when we are different from, and in a given particular superior to them ourselves, and he added in this connection, "There are but few men who stand on the hills by the roadside." Small blame to Professor Trent if he has failed to scale beyond the Emersonian heights. The only pity is that he was not contented to tell what, from his less exalted position, he could see, instead of what he imagined might be seen from a greater elevation. The function of the critic is not more to mark limitations than to reveal positive merits, and—Lowell's scorn notwithstanding—the "admiring italics" of Leigh Hunt are, on occasion, the best kind of criticism. It would have sufficed in the case of Emerson if Professor Trent had been contented to show what he was, instead of labouring to discover what he was not. A display of enthusiasm on this subject would not have imperilled his reputation as a discerning critic. Elsewhere in the book his critical judgments are more than sufficient to safeguard such a reputation. His estimates of the rank and standing of writers so apart as Jonathan Edwards and Walt Whitman, of Dr. Channing and Artemus Ward, of Joel Barlow and Hawthorne, are evidences enough of his acumen as a critic.

WALTER LEWIN.

ELEANOR AND LUCY AT THE LOGGIA.

From an original Drawing by Albert Sterner.

"Lucy went back to fetch the carpet-chair. She caught up also a couple of Florentine silk blankets that were among their wraps. She laid them on the bricks of the *loggia*, found a rickety table in Eleanor's room, her travelling bag, and a shawl.

'Don't take such trouble about me!' said Eleanor, almost piteously, as Lucy established her comfortably in the chair, with a shawl over her knees and a book or two beside her."—"Eleanor."

DR. ABBOTT'S NEW BOOK.*

Under the title "From Letter to Spirit," Dr. Edwin Abbott publishes the third part of his "Diatessarica." So far as disregard for the letter of the Gospels goes, the title is amply justified. It may even be allowed that by methods peculiar to himself Dr. Abbott has found his way to the spirit of the narrative. He confines himself in the present volume to a criticism of the passages in which a "voice from heaven" is said to have been pronounced to Jesus or regarding Him. That any objective voice audible to bodily ears was ever uttered, Dr. Abbott absolutely denies; but "possibly on several occasions Christ's prayers were so answered from heaven as to give the disciples an impression of a Word of God or Voice of God sent down from the Father to the Son." The burden borne by Jesus was threefold, the sins and sufferings of those around Him, the failure of the Gospel to touch

* "From Letter to Spirit. An attempt to reach through varying voices the abiding Word." By Edwin A. Abbott. 20s. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

THE VALLEY OF THE PAGLIA.

"Behold! a great valley, opening out westward, beyond Orvieto,—the valley of the Paglia; a valley with wooded hills on either side, of a bluish-green colour, chequered with hill-towns and slim campaniles and winding roads; and binding it all in one, the loops and reaches of a full brown river."—"Eleanor."

the hearts of the Chosen People, and, above all, the treachery of Judas. The answer from heaven which came to Him when He raised His thoughts to the Father in each of these trials may legitimately be spoken of as a voice from heaven. It is impossible here even briefly to indicate the prolonged and tedious criticism by which the author reaches his results. But it is interesting to find that twenty-five years of study have led him to a somewhat higher estimate of the value of the Fourth Gospel. He believes that the actual writer who gave to the rough Hebrew original a Greek literary unity and an artistic harmony, recognised that the beloved disciple was the real author, and himself but the pen. The relation between the son of Zebedee and the editor of the Gospel is not clearly indicated, but as Dr. Abbott promises a commentary on the Fourth Gospel, this point will probably receive fuller treatment in the forthcoming publication. That the Gospel is "spiritually" true he stoutly maintains. He believes that although the Johannine report of Jesus' discourses is verbally inexact, and indeed invented, the spirit of it is so true that it brings us nearer to the real Jesus of Nazareth than the Synoptists.

Dr. Abbott's volume is seriously damaged by faults which are, if not fatal to sound critical work, in a high degree detrimental. The book is honeycombed by false analogies. The author proceeds on the understanding that the Gospels "will not have been fully criticised until critics have carefully studied those ancient interpretations of the Old Testament, Aramaic as well as Greek, which illustrate the confusions of word and statement, transmutations of thought, and amplifications of history into legend, experienced in passing from the dead Hebrew to the living Targum, and from the languages of the East to the 'Common Dialect' of the West." It is obvious, and has for centuries been recognised by students of the New Testament, that the Gospels receive abundant illumination from the methods and language, not only of the Targums, but of all contemporary literature; but the cautious scholar has been chiefly struck by the extraordinary differences which exist between the canonical and the extra-canonical literature, and has been very shy of such analogies as Dr. Abbott depends upon. On this ground alone a large part of his volume will be cancelled by more sober-minded, if less learned and brilliant scholars. It may also be said—it is hoped without offence—that a less confident dogmatism of tone is becoming in such investigations, and would be more likely to win converts. But notwithstanding its arrogance there is in the book a residuum of truth which must be reckoned with, and a large amount of careful work which will be found helpful to all who are seeking their way through the letter to the Spirit of the Gospels.

NEMI,

Where Lucy Foster was stoned by the peasants.

"And now they were to follow the high ridge above the deep-sunk lake, toward Nemi on its farther side—Nemi with its Orsini tower, grim and tall, rising on its fortress rock, high over the lake and what was once the thick grove or 'Nemus' of the Goddess, mantling the proud white of her inviolate temple. . . . They were mounting a charming road high above the lake. Stretching between them and the lake were steep olive gardens and vineyards; above them light half-fledged woods climbed to the sky. In the vineyards the fresh red-brown earth shone amid the endless regiments of vines, just breaking into leaf; daisies glittered under the olives; and below, on a mid-way crag, a great wild-cherry, sun-touched, flung its boughs and blossoms, a dazzling pearly glory, over the dark blue ho'low of the lake."—"Eleanor."

BLIND CHILDREN.*

Mr. Zangwill is not all poet, but an exceptionally full-minded writer of prose and verse, and taking the two together, his contributions to the literature of this generation have been considerable. The insensibility of the ordinary man is not his, nor the pathetic morbidity of poets whose senses have played them false, so his place is with none of these, but with the constituents of that aristocracy to which the greatest of writers belong. Among the peers of that realm it would be hard to place him exactly, but this much is certain, that he represents a much healthier section of the fraternity than the supporters of the "Art for Art's sake" theory, and whatever its failings may be, it is a pleasure to speak of his work.

Less obvious to us than it should be is the immensity of our own littleness, and in Mr. Zangwill's "Perspective" there is a stirring reminder of it. Whatever else may be said, there is nothing of feebleness in the verses composing that poem, and to secure so strong a man's sympathies with the causes we have at heart would be doing more all at once than is usually done in a lifetime by our philanthropic philandering. Take his "Blind Children," for instance, or "The Country Holiday Fund," or, stronger than either, "A London Hospital," with its moving tribute to Pity, and to the "God in man" who builds hospitals:

"Oh, House of Pain,
O'er-brooded by the wings of Death,
Who, starred with eyes, keeps watch on breath,
And heart and brain."

There is some of the "new blank verse" in this book, but too much of that is simply the blankest prose, and need not be quoted here. A happy variation of the normal measure Mr. Zangwill has in "For ever young," where there are only four feet to the line, and the variability of existing forms of unrhymed verse seems to argue strongly in favour of our retaining the best of it.

* "Blind Children." By Israel Zangwill. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

The poems introducing women and girls are, as might be expected, the lightest and kindliest here, forming a group by themselves which should not be overlooked. Instance "Rosalind reading an old romance," "Street Wanderers," "A Pastel" and "Lines to a Pretty Girl," in which the poet is playing with the object of his affections—but only as artists play, making little things great.

"In the cunning of your lips
Sages' cunning finds eclipse,
And the warmth of your white hand
Needs a god to understand."

To discover why Mr. Zangwill's verse does not remain at the level it reaches sometimes, would involve an enquiry into the nature of man, for which there is little time, and a single striking example of quite unaccountable badness is all there is room for here.

THE SIGN-POST.

"To Heaven, to Hell, so said the guiding fingers.
I looked to right, to left, around, above:
The self-same path it was to which both pointed;
Then saw I that the path was Sexual Love."

Leaving that with others as bad to its fate, there remains more remarkable work than is usual in books of verse.

Without being told it was here, one would naturally look for the influence of his compatriot Heine, and in the matter and form of some of the shorter pieces there are unmistakeable traces of it. In the employment of double-rhymes, for instance, which nearly always seem forced in English, and in epigram, such as the following:—

"Once between us the Atlantic,
Yet I felt your hand in mine:
Now I feel your hand in mine;
Yet between us the Atlantic."

Beside the natural aloofness of a highly-strung nature, there is much of the pride of race in this poet, and since that feeling is naturally one of the strongest he has, the poems expressive of it are certainly some of the best. Striking hard on this note are the lines "In Mentone," addressed to the late President Kruger, but what gives them their value is the poet's comparison of his own feelings with those he supposes the other to have. There has been recognition enough in his case, to make a writer content to be here, but he has a legitimate theme in Loneliness, and that poetically expressed brings him at once into line with the proud exiles of History, and with the captives we have "In the Zoo."

Some of Mr. Zangwill's translations from poems unknown to us are simply splendidly Englished, and it is hoped there are more to come.

"In the pride of her race,
As a sword shone her face,
Melisselda.
And her lips were steel bows,
But her mouth was a rose,
Melisselda."

That, and "The Zionist's Marching Song." In his bitterest vein is "Israel," an exhortation to his own people, in which the lash is employed unsparingly.

An idea of his range and strength may be obtained from this notice perhaps, but the best of Mr. Zangwill as poet is in the "Singer to his Song," and something like a fever of pleasure has been excited by it. In the world of which there are glimpses here, there is more friction than mutuality, and that his soul has sought rest in Nature sometimes there is evidence in a very beautiful "Pastoral," which would be quoted if there were room for it, and would seem very properly placed at the end of an article written chiefly in praise of his work.

ERNEST RADFORD.

TORRE AMIATA (TORRE ALFINA) FROM THE MEADOWS.

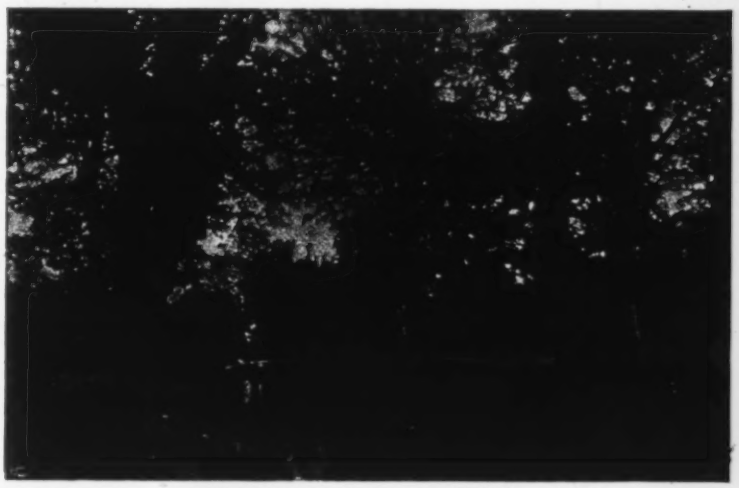
"Still there, this radiant marvel of the world!—this pageant of rock and stream and forest, this pomp of shining cloud, this silky shimmer of the wheat, this sparkle of flowers in the grass; while human hearts break, and human lives fail, and the graveyard on the hill yonder packs closer and closer its rows of metal crosses and wreaths! —"Eleanor."

GREATER RUSSIA.*

Mr. Wirt Gerrare is a traveller of an alert and independent mind, and his book on Siberia is probably the most readable we shall possess for some time to come. His programme was ambitious:—"Its object is to convey an adequate idea of Russia's advance; her industrial progress, commercial prospects, the openings presented for both capital and labour, the markets closed to foreign enterprise"; but he may certainly claim that his book is executed in the spirit of his undertaking, and that it sketches in vigorous outline for the English reader Russia's gigantic figure in the Far East. Mr. Gerrare's main contention—to put it bluntly—is that if England holds to her *laissez-faire* policy and allows Russia to encroach further upon the Chinese Empire, we shall lose all hope of future markets in the Far East, and our present trade and prestige will both be seriously diminished. Now or never, says Mr. Gerrare, is the time for England to assert herself:—

"Russia's greatest danger is from China herself. With a progressive China threatening her borders she will be forced to act upon the defensive. . . . Russia has acquired an enormous dominion in Asia, which she wishes both to extend and consolidate. These territories

* "Greater Russia." By Wirt Gerrare. 16s. (Heinemann.)



THE OAK FOREST, TORRE AMIATA.

"Oh, these woods! How they sank, like great resting clouds below her, to the shining line of the river, and rose again on the further side! They were oak woods, and spoke strangely to Lucy of the American and English north. Yet, as she came nearer, the moon shone upon delicate undergrowth of heath and arbutus, that chid her fancy back to the Saturnian land.'

And beyond all, the blue mountains, ætherially light, like dreams on the horizon; and above all, the radiant serenity of the sky.

Ah! there spoke the nightingales, and that same melancholy note of the little brown owl which used to haunt the olive grounds of Marinata. Lucy held her breath. The tears rushed into her eyes—tears of memory, tears of longing."—"Eleanor."

will not be open to settlement by Europeans, but will be peopled by Russian subjects for whom the commerce and industries of these regions will also be reserved. The Russian railways in eastern Asia are intended primarily to serve a political purpose, and until Russia's military dispositions are completed there, the lines will not be opened to general traffic. Probably before that happens the world will be asked to accept Russia's views, and Russian rule in the Far East—to prevail against her the various industrial Powers interested in the trade of the Chinese Empire must unite, and be always as ready as Russia is to maintain their rights by force of arms."

Both Germany and France seem to argue that they will be the gainers by England's market in China being rendered insecure; so it is extremely unlikely that "the various industrial Powers" *will* consent to combine, and Mr. Gerrare does not suggest any plan of action for England and Japan to follow, short of war. Will America join the Anglo-Japanese alliance?

Leaving questions of policy aside, the interest of "Greater Russia" is largely due to Mr. Gerrare's presentation of Russia as "another America." He contends that "there are many Russias, but that which is most widely known existed only in the imagination of the romancist, or appeared as a distorted picture seen through political glasses." This is perhaps over-stating the case, but let us hear Mr. Gerrare speak on present social conditions in Russia:—

"There has been a great awakening of Russia. The people debarred generally from active participation in politics have directed their energies towards the commercial and industrial exploitation of their native land." "Measured by the standards of the West, Russia is making rapid progress. The Russians know this. They believe that their country is another America, and that by adopting certain methods from the West their country will grow in importance as rapidly as the United States has done. How far they are justified in their belief time will show." "Physically, Russia may resemble America, it may have a similar climate and equal natural advantages, but unless the Russian people possess certain qualities the Americans have they will not make any 'New America' of any part of the Empire. The difference is immense. . . . In Russia it is the State that initiates, the State that achieves, and the State that looks to the public for approbation. It is the State that leads, guides, and pushes the public in the way it intends they should take." "The majority of Russians are relieved of all trouble of governing themselves, and of attempting to govern other people; their interference in domestic nor foreign politics is not desired nor allowed. The citizen who recognises that this is a relief can exercise greater activities in other directions."

The problem before Russia is not an easy one, and Mr. Gerrare presents in the following citations a good deal of contradictory evidence, as an impartial traveller is bound to do. "The Russian Empire is to be homogeneous; Siberia is to become Russia beyond the Urals, or beyond Baikal, nothing more." But, on the other hand, "Siberia is not only larger, but it is greater than Russia. It is the better half in the sense that the people are superior, from the British or Western point of view. The further from the capital the greater the freedom. In Siberia it is possible to do things

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

one could not do in older Russia. . . . . Siberia and East of Baikal . . . . . has been influenced by the West into taking foreign goods and accepting American notions. . . . . East of Baikal the peasant, the artisan, and the trader cannot compete with the Chinaman; if the country is restricted to Russians it can never equal in wealth any British colony or other portion of the Far East, and must remain what it is at present, a second-rate, slow-moving settlement. . . . . The Chinaman has built Vladivostok; he can raise more on a rood of ground than a Russian farmer will grow upon an acre, and neither the Russian nor the Siberian native can compete with him. He will be master of the country between the Pacific Ocean and Lake Baikal, making of it a second Manchuria, and that without owning a square yard of ground, or having any voice in the government of the country. . . . . The State, and maybe the private capitalists, will benefit, but the Russian peasant is completely outclassed, and all the protection his Government can give him will not suffice to place Siberia in his hands."

Long ago it was pointed out by Russians who "saw through political glasses," and Turgenev was one of them, that Russia's internal domestic policy could only change through the advent of a new class arising between the peasantry and the official class, and it seems that if Mr. Gerrare is substantially right, and that there is a great awakening in Russia through commerce, that that middle class must eventually produce important modifications in bureaucratic ideals and policy. Mr. Gerrare thinks that the reason for Russia's commercial awakening is not difficult to find—"it is the result of the internal policy of the State. In almost every department it is the State which initiates, directs, controls, and represses or suppresses. In one particular it gave its subjects a free hand. . . . The way to acquire wealth was open to all." But the result of "giving its subjects a free hand" is not likely to stop at commerce. The growth of commercial indus-

THE CASTLE AND AGENT'S HOUSE AT TORRE ALFINA,
Where Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed while writing "Eleanor." Torre Alfina is the Torre Amiata of the book.

"In front of them, indeed, rose an old villa of the Renaissance, with its long flat roofs, its fine *loggia*, and terraced vineyards. A rude village of grey stone, part, it seemed, of the tufa rocks from which it sprang, pressed round the villa, invaded its olive-gardens, crept up to its very walls. Meanwhile the earth grew kinder and more fertile. The vines and figs stood thick again among the green corn and flowering lucerne."—"Eleanor."

tries, a vast increase in factories, due to the cheapness of labour, will mean increasing changes in the condition of the peasantry. There will be a general increased necessity for education. The State will continue to initiate, direct, control, and repress, but it will either be directed by men of more liberal ideas, or the power of the bureaucracy must grow weaker in face of popular discontent. There seems indeed at present to be a direct duel taking place in Russia to-day between the Ministers who are "Westerners" and the Ministers who are old-fashioned bureaucrats, and it seems improbable that the future belongs to the latter party. Given a Russia more prosperous and better governed than the last fifty years have seen, Russia's increase of commercial energy will lead to her becoming a far more formidable power than England has yet known her. But still her dominion as a world power is by no means yet to be gauged. Russia has always a great deal on her hands, too much in fact, and that is why she is so anxious to preserve the European peace. Let us, however, suppose that Mr. Gerrare's dream of a progressive China does not come to pass, and that Russia, instead of standing on the defensive, completes her strategical railways and becomes practically the Dictator at Pekin. In that case Russia will have found an enormous field for her energies, but the task of governing or even exploiting the yellow man is a very different one from any the Slav has yet undertaken. So far Russia has only as yet come in contact with and worsted scattered peoples in a primitive stage of development. Vast economic problems lie at the root of the main political question Mr. Gerrare's valuable book raises.

EDWARD GARNETT.

HEGEL AND HEGELIANISM.*

The editor of the series of the "World's Epoch-Makers" did well to include Hegel among the number, for in the history of philosophy Hegel occupies one of the most prominent places as the author of a philosophical system the most comprehensive ever formulated, which embraces and unifies all the subjects of human thought, professes to unravel all mysteries, and is probably the greatest synthesis ever attempted. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that Hegel has directly or indirectly influenced all subsequent thinkers of all schools, not only professed philosophers, but also theologians, historians, and even men of science (in spite of the all-too-common neglect of philosophy by this last class). This he has done in spite of the abstract nature of his system, the frequent obscurities and ambiguities in his expositions, and his vexatious terminology; in spite also of his cold and unimpassioned spirit, his unattractive personality, and a disposition warped by national prejudice, having as his highest ideal of the government of a State the Prussian bureaucracy. The persistence of his influence is still more remarkable in view of the circumstance that shortly after the master's death his disciples split into several camps. These were named by Strauss Hegelians of the Left, of the Right, and of the Centre. With the first of these the system of monistic Idealism became a form of Positivism, as can be seen in the writings of Lassalle, Marx, Strauss, etc., or of Materialism as shown in such works as the "Gedanken über Tod und Unsterblichkeit" of Feuerbach. Indeed, all of this school rejected the belief in the existence of a permanent intelligence and will at the heart of things. On the other side, Weisse endeavoured to base on his absolute philosophy a system of Theism, from which later was derived the school that attempted to reconstruct an Idealism on a realistic basis, while the younger Fichte, and to some extent Rosenkranz and Erdmann, endeavoured to square their Hegelianism with orthodox Christianity. At the present day we find one of the most prominent of his followers in this country modifying the concept of the highest absolute idea, that of God, and regarding it not as that of a personality, but as a syndicate made up of the unity of all existing finite personalities (such as ourselves), each of which is an episode in a long chain stretching indefinitely backwards and forwards.

Professor Mackintosh has undertaken an arduous task when he proposes to discuss not only the man and his system, but also the leading characteristics of the varieties of Hegelianism in the compass of this small volume of less than 300 pages. But he has succeeded in doing this, and has done it well, and in spite of the necessary condensation, he has given a most interesting and luminous critical study, hard to follow in places, but very well worthy of careful and repeated perusal. There are few writers on philosophy who are under greater obligations to their commentators than Hegel, for while his own style is unattractive and (I honestly confess) repellent, his philosophy has been the theme of some of the most attractive writers of the day. Few books of their kind are more fascinating than Mr. McTaggart's "Studies in Hegelian Cosmology," Pringle-Pattison's "Hegelianism and Personality," or Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics," and, we may add, this of Professor Mackintosh.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD WITH SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF TH.. SETTLEMENT.

Professor Mackintosh begins by giving us a preliminary sketch to indicate the historic place of Absolute Idealism in the History of Philosophy, tracing its antecedents from Plato to Kant. The dualism of the critical philosophy of the great Scoto-German was felt to be unsatisfactory by those of his successors who sought for a coherent totality; and in different ways Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel attempted to construct comprehensive systems on a basis of pure Idealism. In the next chapter the uneventful life of the philosopher is briefly dealt with, and a short account of his writings is set forth. Those who wish fuller details, especially concerning his relations to Schelling, will find them in Caird's "Hegel," in Blackwood's series of Philosophical Classics, or in Kuno Fischer's "Hegel's Leben und Werke."

The influence of Hegel on British philosophy was scarcely felt until nearly thirty years after his death. Dr. Hutchison Stirling's "Secret of Hegel," the first exposition of the system in English, published in 1865, was, however, soon followed by other equally important works, and the scope of these is briefly sketched by Dr. Mackintosh. The two Cairds, Green, Bradley, Pringle-Pattison, and McTaggart are the writers selected by him to illustrate the progress and modifications of the Hegelian philosophy in Britain. The two chapters dealing with these authors are very interesting.

* "Hegel and Hegelianism." By R. Mackintosh, D.D. 3s. (T. and T. Clark.)

and might with advantage have been expanded had space permitted.

The second section of Professor Mackintosh's book consists of a necessarily brief critical survey of the master's writings, the Logic, the Philosophy of Nature, the Phenomenology of Spirit, and the bearing of Hegelianism on Psychology, Ethics, Æsthetics, History, and Religion. In these sections Dr. Mackintosh shows himself to be a clear-sighted and trenchant critic, and one thoroughly acquainted with the ground over which he travels. In some places he is evidently hampered by the necessity for condensation, and he is apt to assume too much knowledge on the part of the reader. Something more might have been said on the relations of Hegelianism to Biological Evolution in general, as the only works in English on this subject—Stirling's "As regards Protoplasm" and Ritchie's "Darwin and Hegel"—are not wholly satisfactory or complete. This subject is touched upon very briefly, perhaps for the reason that the author's views with regard to Darwinism are already before the public in a former work. But, considering the space at his disposal, Dr. Mackintosh has given us an appreciative criticism of very great value, and has throughout preserved a calm judicial attitude. It was not part of the author's plan to formulate his own philosophical confession of faith, but in the last paragraph he briefly indicates his standpoint in words which seem to be the echo of certain passages in the writings of one of the greatest of the later German philosophers—"If the eternal sacredness and supreme worth of Love were not at the foundation of the world . . . . this world, it seems to me, would be left without truth and order." The eternal truths, the sum of that which we must necessarily think and which could not be otherwise, must be explained from the same source of Eternal Love.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

Novel Notes.

THE CALL OF THE WILD. By Jack London. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A reading of "The God of his Fathers" inclined us to classify Mr. Jack London as the Canadian Kipling, and "The Call of the Wild" further justifies us in doing so. For any other study of animal life to compare with this wonderfully intimate story of the dog "Buck" and his companions, one must turn to the "Jungle Books." Not that Mr. London is in any sense an imitator: he writes with much of the same directness, the same vivid, simple realism, the same insight into the souls of men and beasts; but his stories are entirely his own, and his types as unlike those of the famous Anglo-Indian as the snowy, remoter regions are unlike India. The kidnapping of the petted, household "Buck," the brutal breaking of his spirit, his reduction to working in harness with teams of sled-dogs, the gradual awakening of the inherited primordial instincts of his race, and his final lapse into savagery and return to the wild, make a story of unique interest that has more than a touch of genius in the conception and the writing of it. The coloured illustrations are extremely effective.

BARBARA LADD. By Charles G. D. Roberts. 6s. (Constable.)

There have been many romances woven out of the conflicting interests and passions that gave colour and intensity to the early days of the American Republic, but we recall none of greater charm than "Barbara Ladd," and none that brings us into closer intimacy with the homely life of the period. The story is picturesque and alive with human interest; the characters are drawn vividly and with insight and humour. The brothers Dr. Jim and Dr. John, with their long, silent love of Miss Mehetable, are delightfully quaint; Robert Gault is an ideal hero within human limits; but the most masterly study in the book is the headstrong, lovable, bewitching, rebellious Barbara herself. It was worth writing and would have been worth reading if it gave us nothing else. We can warmly recommend it as one of the few new novels that combine the elements of popularity with good workmanship.

ALISON HOWARD. By Janet Elder Rait. 6s. (Constable.)

A wealthy relative leaves Alison an immense fortune, stipulating that for two years she shall go out into the world and earn her own living, and that thereafter she shall spend half her annual income in charity. Alison sees much of poverty in Rome and in Paris; in London she becomes a clerk in an Employment Agency, and so gains a wide insight into the bleaker, sadder life of the world. The unexpected reappearance of Captain Travers smacks, in some of its details, more of romance than reality. There is some extremely clever character-drawing; an intrigue on the part of a Roman Catholic Mother Superior to re-convert Alison and secure her money for the Church; and the novel is threaded by two or three deftly-woven love stories. Altogether, a well-contrived, interesting and very ably written book.

THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)

"STOCKS," MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S RESIDENCE (SOUTH VIEW).
From Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

Contemporary politics play a considerable part in Mr. Marriott's latest novel, but not the chief part. The chief interest lies in the irrepressible love of the restrained Cabinet Minister, Godfrey Julian, for the pure-souled, unconventional Audrey Thurston, living in blameless companionship with the morose, Socialistic Christopher Lanyon. These three are individualised with wonderful analytical insight, and the tragedy that grows out of the situation that involves them is shaped with a subtlety of detail and a grim dramatic power which makes the whole thing seem as natural as it is vivid. The characterisation throughout, especially that of Julian's self-sacrificing sister, of the poet Tate, and of that ineffable cad Sir Peter Lawrence, is masterly. Mr. Marriott writes with an exuberance of imagination that tempts him at times to indulge in metaphors that are more striking than true; his

style is so careful that now and then it becomes affected or over-elaborate, but at its best it is a sheer delight. The book has exquisite descriptive passages, and some brilliant epigrams, but above all it has a story whose profound human interest grips the sympathies of the reader from beginning to end.

JERUSALEM. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Jessie Bröchner. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The great charm of this novel lies in its extreme simplicity of style, and the wonderful air of simple truth that is given to all its happenings. It abounds in incident: the curiously pathetic love romance of Great Ingmar and Breta would make a novel of itself; but here it is only a prelude to the story of the love and life of Ingmar's son, and the annals of the Swedish village in which his family ranks as the oldest and most honoured. Much of the incident is as quaint as it is pathetic, and the way in which the calm, old-world religious habits of the village were broken in upon by the Salvation Army, and by the enthusiast Hellgum, and many, under Hellgum's influence, sell up their farms and emigrate to Jerusalem, is told effectively and with extraordinary picturesqueness of detail. The story moves at times through an atmosphere of supernatural interposition that is very finely suggested, and the whole book is written with an art that is so perfect that it is unconscious, or seems so.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S STUDY.
From Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

THE COUNTESS, AND THE KING'S DIARY. By Percy White. 6s. (Nash.)

"The Indiscretion of the Countess" is a clever story of fashionable life in that quietly satirical vein that Mr. Percy White has made his own. The ideal simplicity and young innocence of Arthur Gammellyn, who, himself the grandson of a famous General, has served in the ranks and is now a fencing master, rather taxes one's credulity; but his father, the dissipated, unscrupulous old Major, whose improvidences have ruined Arthur's career, and are a constant anxiety to him, is one of Mr. White's most original and most humorous characters, as the spirited, independent Connie Adair is one of the most charming of his many heroines. "The King's Diary" is, in its very different way, equally clever, but the end is a little too painful—the embodying in a diary of the babbling self-revelations of a madman is a cheap and raw sensation that Mr. White would not allow himself in these days. Otherwise, the "Diary" is a skilful and subtle psychological study, and this one-volume reissue of the two stories is very warmly welcome.

LUCIAN THE DREAMER. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Methuen.)

The book begins with a certain amount of promise, and the first half, which is a pyschological study of Lucian's childhood, has a quiet but sustained interest. The outlines of a story are well mapped in, the characters take shape naturally, and curiosity for their future begins to take some sort of hold upon the reader. Then abruptly the progress stops, and the first method of dealing with the subject comes to a sudden end. The story itself has been interrupted. From one chapter to another seven years are jumped over in silence. With its re-commencement a totally different scheme of treatment is adopted. Previously a story had been slowly developing to an unknown climax. Now in one conversation everything is practically revealed, and the interest almost ceases. The whole secret of Lucian's character, and Lucian's inevitable future, are like cards flung face upwards upon the table. All that remains for the average reader is the slender curiosity to see what the actual details of the general disaster are. The writing is restrained and natural, and the character of Lucian, especially when a child, is vividly and skilfully drawn. The whole of the first part of the book, in fact, has a vitality it loses later, while the scenes of country life have the pleasantness that seems inseparable from the old-fashioned comfort of country yeomen in the past.

THE TURQUOISE CUP. By Arthur Cosslett Smith. 6s. (John Lane.)

There are two stories in Mr. Smith's volume, both excellently written. It is true the plots in each case are flagrantly impossible. "The Turquoise Cup" has even a hint of foolishness. The whole matter is not only beyond the reach of illusion—it is based upon the ridiculous. But the manner of its treatment is absolutely delightful. The incident is short, but for the brief period of its lasting every scene is visual, and the sketch of the Cardinal—a Cardinal belonging to the only type now permissible in fiction—is a finished piece of portraiture. The success of "The Turquoise Cup," in fact, is supremely one of style. But in its very success lies an element of danger which the author would do well to bear in mind. For this style—light, self-possessed, always to the point—is strongly reminiscent, and like all styles touched consciously or unconsciously by extraneous influences, would very easily degenerate into affectation. The Cardinal, for instance, is, as we have said, a distinct and charming person. Only he is also a little familiar. We feel that in dealing with him Mr. Smith was not entirely able to forget the other delightful, witty Cardinals, and their relations with fascinating but irresponsible young women, which have become a phase of fashion in fiction. In "The Desert," Mr. Smith seems more unhampered, and this little story of the East suggests a pleasant gift of invention. In both cases, however, Mr. Smith has written a genuine short story, and not an incomplete fragment published under that title.

A DAUGHTER OF THESPIS. By John D. Barry. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

To those interested in the life of the stage, this account of the American theatrical profession will have an inevitable interest. The descriptions have an air of being faithful records of observation. One would judge that the writer knew personally something of what he was writing about, and had not elaborated the struggles of the vast majority of actors and actresses from pure imagination. But the story is on the whole uninteresting. Its observation is probably, as we have said, faithful, but it is without an eye for the underlying qualities which make even the most commonplace or vulgar temperament worth a literary portraiture. "A Daughter of Thespis" never gets out of its theatrical drama the delusion of

a living emotion. The two love affairs of the heroine, Evelyn Johnson, are both overloaded with the conversations of rather dull people—conversations which even in real life would have no interest except for the speakers. The whole incident of Mrs. Welb seems to us superfluous, and adds to the slight vulgarity of atmosphere which clings to the book. The character of Evelyn herself, however, is a pleasant one, and the strain of reserve and of mental delicacy which unfitted her for the publicity of the theatrical profession is well suggested.

CARITA. By Eyre Hussey. 3s. 6d. (Jacob.)

The book is dedicated "To the Members of the Leander Club, who have endured hardness by Flood and Field." The dedication is a form of suggestion, which the book, however, does not carry out. There are no wild adventures by Field or Flood to suit the sporting tastes of the Leander Club. "Carita" is the romantic story of a child waif and her dog Jinks, who, after becoming curiously involved in the love-story of an artist and a pretty girl, die miserably at the very moment when the pretty girl was on her way to rescue them, and to prove Carita the cast-off daughter of gentlefolk. This sort of novel does not offer immense opportunities. Carita's distresses and adventures are told with a certain ease, but without distinction of manner. The plausibility of the narrative is also somewhat fitful. It is not that Mr. Hussey deals actually with the impossible. After all, in the way of singular coincidences it is the incredible that so frequently happens. But the manner has not the magic touch that gives a scene or a character its living quality. The writer has an evident facility for making up stories, but the power to infuse into them all the strange significance of life is missing. In Carita, the grown-up love affair especially feels a very inanimate affair to the reader.

FATHER BENECKE.

From an original Drawing by Albert Sterner.

"Depositing the bundle he had been carrying on a wayside stone, he took out his large coloured handkerchief and mopped the perspiration from his face with long sighs of exhaustion. Then with his hands on his sides he looked round him. Opposite to him was a little shrine, with the usual rude frescoe and enthroned Madonna behind a grating. The priest walked over to it and knelt down."—"Eleanor."

A DRAMA OF SUNSHINE. By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Richardson's book belongs to Mr. Unwin's First Novel Library, and is certainly an interesting addition to what is in itself an interesting series of fiction. If a new writer has the literary capacity at all, a first novel, however fumbling its methods, possesses some quality of freshness which can never belong to any after-production. At the second attempt the author has learnt too much. Criticism has crudely laid bare the whole perilous and disheartening nature of the business. In a sense, there can never be the same courage. Certainly there can never be the same freedom — the splendid untrammelled freedom of ignorance. Mrs. Richardson's novel has the element of freshness we speak of. Her little Drama is clever and well put together, but its pleasantness comes to a very great extent because the writer has not yet got sufficient facility to do a good deal of phrase-making mechanically. Here and there, it is true, she falls into regrettable commonplaces. The episode of the Archduke and the tandem is totally out of keeping with the rest. Lady Rosamund is not presented as an ill-bred woman, and this sudden access of vulgarity is too far fetched to work in naturally with the tenor of the story. The nun and the child, however, are both charmingly delineated, and the scenes have all the great quality of seizing the imagination—of enacting themselves visibly, as it were, before the mind's eye of the reader. Mrs. Richardson should be careful of her grammar. "To be brilliant in a sphere of her own" is not by itself a sentence. And we hope that she will remember that simplicity of style is a talent very easily lost in a desire for smart and brilliant writing. In dealing with Rosamund

there is a tendency to affectation, which may very easily overflow into the author's whole method of phraseology.

THE MAIDS OF PARADISE. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Constable.)

In "The Maids of Paradise," Mr. Chambers returns to the period he handled with such brilliant success in "Ashes of Empire." The story opens with the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and ends in the early days of the Commune. The descriptive passages, whether of war or peace, are written with remarkable vividness and power, and the characterisation is masterly—from that prince of rascals, John Buckhurst, to the elfish, innocent little Jaqueline; from the credulous young Countess, or the penitent, pretty spy, Sylvia Elven, to the Mayor of Paradise, or Robert the Lizard; from Scarlett and Speed, the two officers of military police, to the Zouave, Salah Ben Ahmed, or Byram, the depressed American circus proprietor—every man and woman of them is a living human entity. The plot is exciting and ingenious, bristling with incident, but never outraging probability. The whole story is conceived in the true romantic spirit, and is written with wonderful vigour and picturesqueness.

The Bookman's Table.

GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL. Abridged by Percy Livingstone Parker. With an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., and Various Appreciations. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister's Standard Abridgments.)

The issue of Fox's Journal very appropriately follows that of Wesley in "Isbister's Standard Abridgments." There is considerable similarity between them. The unwearied evangelism, the patient endurance of abuse, and the marvellous success which mark the career of the eighteenth-century leader distinguish also that of the earlier evangelist. George Fox was no theologian; he was not even a man of remarkable sense: it moderates our respect for both persecuted and persecutor to find how much odium he might have escaped by simply taking off his hat on the proper occasions. The alterations he proposed on the ordinary Christian creed were few, and for the most part mistaken, although in his view of Scripture he was quite two hundred years ahead of Christendom. But no man was ever more absolutely fearless or more invincibly determined to secure liberty of conscience. Indomitable in proclaiming in season and out of season what he believed to be the truth, and untiring in his invective against nominal and inconsistent Christians, he promoted truth and freedom in a quite incalculable degree. In reading the Journal we seem to be reading the "Acts of the Apostles." We are in the same spiritual atmosphere, with the same manifestations of spiritual exaltation. Fox has his visions, he hears the word of the Lord directing him; he heals the sick, casts out devils, has a spirit of discernment which causes secret sinners to quail before him; is willing to sit in the stocks, and makes light of beatings and wounds that leave him senseless. Relentless in his judgment of his contemporaries, he throws light on the state of society in his day; and his Journal is also interesting to the student of language, preserving as it does many quaint terms of expression. To the historian and the student of religion the value of Fox's Journal is incalculable. In it we find lucidly portrayed the beginnings and growth of one of the most interesting revivals of the religious spirit in England.

THE LIFE-WORK OF GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., etc., etc. With reproductions from photographs by Hollyer of six of the artist's pictures and other illustrations. The Temple Biographies. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

It is pleasant to think that Dr. Macmillan's closing days were employed on a task so evidently congenial as the life-work of Watts. Obviously it was undertaken *con amore*, and with a mind enriched by a lifetime of observation, inquiry, and thought. Many of Watts' pictures need interpretation, and in Dr. Macmillan they find a loving and intelligent interpreter. Comparisons of his art with that of Millais, Burne-Jones, and others are conducted with insight and knowledge, while the principles of art involved are lucidly expounded. The motives, spirit, and methods of work of the great artist are illustrated from his pictures and from his letters and conversation; while some account is also given of his work as a sculptor and as a writer. The need of a full treatment of Watts and his work has been increasingly felt, and by furnishing so satisfactory a volume the author has rendered a service which many will appreciate.

A MANUAL OF THEOLOGY. By Thomas B. Strong, D.D., Oxford. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. 7s. 6d. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

A second edition of Dr. Strong's "Manual of Theology" deserves a cordial welcome. It is not a mere text-book, but a readable and interesting presentation of the principal truths of the Christian creed. Its method is novel. It starts from the Incarnation, and, after showing with some elaboration that this is the true outcome and explanation of the various efforts towards a knowledge of God in various peoples and periods, it proceeds to show its coherence with the claims of Christ and its bearing on the idea of God and on the purpose of God towards men. This plan includes a discussion of all essentials, and is carried out with admirable skill and knowledge. Firmness of grasp and clearness of exposition characterise the volume rather than originality. Indeed there are points in the argument, such as our Lord's capability of sin, the limitations of His knowledge, and the doctrine of the Sacraments, where it may be questioned whether adherence to ecclesiastical theology has not produced a slight infusion of error. There is, however, on the whole sufficient liberality of treatment.

BRITISH POLITICAL LEADERS. By Justin McCarthy. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

No more opportune moment could have been chosen for publishing a series of studies of the leaders of English political life than the present. At a moment when certain names are in everyone's mouth, it is most valuable to have in a single volume a careful estimate of the men and their work by a veteran politician. No one is better qualified for such a task than Mr. Justin McCarthy. He knows the politicians he describes with that intimacy which can only come from years of working side by side with them; and more than this, he is old enough to allow his long experience to soften any personal bias or antipathy. Though this book is written primarily, it would seem, for American readers, it is a timely and important contribution to present-day political thought; and the accuracy of the opinions expressed in it has been verified in a remarkable degree by recent events. It is hard to imagine that the study of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was written not yesterday but months back.

SAND-BURIED RUINS OF KHOTAN. By M. Aurel Stein. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is the record of an archæological exploration in Eastern Turkestan, evidently inspired by the previous discoveries of Dr. Hedin and Captain Deasy. The book is essentially for the Oriental archæologist, and being such, we regret that the author should have allotted more than two hundred pages to his preliminary travels in Cashmir and other places, since their uneventfulness offers no interest except to the traveller himself. The real work of Dr. Stein begins at Rawal Stupa, on the borders of the Taklamakand desert, where the waves of Eastern and Western civilisation appear to have met. For among Dr. Stein's finds are Græco-Buddhist relievo statuary, originally coloured, associated with Chinese coins of the later Han dynasty. Again, near the Niya River the explorer discovered a large number of wooden tablets—ranging in length from seven inches to seven feet—the text of which, said by Dr. Stein to be an early Indian Prakrit, is invariably written in Kharosti characters, very similar to those of the inscriptions of the Indo-Scythian kings. On these same tablets were found several seal impressions in clay, illustrating figures of Greek deities. Whether these classical seals were the work of native lapidaries or were imported, it is difficult to say. But they were undoubtedly used by Khotan officials, and show that Western influence penetrated further East than was previously imagined. The exact value of these Kharosti documents cannot at present be estimated, as they are not yet fully deciphered, but they already throw a new light on the early history of Central Asia. In addition, it should be mentioned, Dr. Stein, by the splendid collection of sculptures, unburied during his excavations, has consider-

ably enriched our knowledge of Buddhist art. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs, many of them taken upon the moment of excavation.

LAYS AND LYRICS FROM GERMAN POETS. Translated by Sydney Haselrigg. 6d. (Saxton, Nottingham.)

There is some advantage in not knowing the originals of all the translations one reads, for it is only as English verse that they make their final appeal to the reader, and the most likely to be fairly treated are translations from poems unknown. The author of these few pieces is young, and heartily to be congratulated, not only on the possession of an unmistakable talent, but on the strength which has carried her safe to the end of such a task as the translation of "The Last Poet," by Anastasius Grün, and some of the other pieces. The saying that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, though applicable to many translations, does not seem to be called for here, for when this writer fails it is rather with the whole than with any particular poem. But while some of these poets had better have been left alone, there are others whose feelings and thoughts and voices seem to have become hers by adoption, and there is the devotion of genius to genius in the best of what she has published. The poem selected for praise is beautiful, and not singular in this respect.

AFFAIRS OF WEST AFRICA. By Edmund D. Morel. (Heinemann.)

The West Coast of Africa has, since the discovery of gold, attracted an increasing amount of attention in this country, and those who seek for information cannot do better than refer to this extremely interesting and handsomely illustrated volume. Mr. Morel's book constitutes a formidable indictment of the present system of government in British West Africa. The gravamen of his accusation lies in the assertion that the commercial interests of the country are neglected by the military and official element which at present controls its destinies. There is an excess of zeal displayed in endeavouring to Europeanise the negroes, which, coupled with inflated taxation, leads to an endless series of petty wars, which only result in the alienation of the natives and the depression of trade. The remedy suggested is the appointment of an Advisory Board to the Colonial Office, on which the mercantile interests should be strongly represented, and the removal of the Crown Agents, who at present control all the public contracts in the West African colonies. The subjugation of the military element is then to be completed by the appointment of a civilian Governor-General, and a civil service on the lines of the Indian civil service. There is also an interesting chapter on sanitary affairs, by Major Ross, the extirpator of the malarial mosquito.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By E. P. Roberts. 5s. (Longmans.)

It is by no means an easy task to get the schoolboy of the present day to take an interest in the bygone worthies of English history, particularly when they bear what Lady Maria, in the "Virginians," called "the horrid name of Smith." Mr. Roberts seems, however, to have accomplished this feat, for a lad must be made of very poor stuff if he is not moved by this stirring story of John Smith's adventures among the Turks and the Red Indians.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. By Edward Armstrong. (Macmillan.)

This is the first English biography of Charles V. which has appeared since Robertson's work was published, nearly 150 years ago. The pre-eminence of Charles's personality, and the vast extent of his dominions, renders it very difficult to compress the history of his reign within narrow limits. Mr. Armstrong has brought great erudition and infinite patience to bear on his task, and the result is a compendious and careful treatise, which deals with a very complicated subject in an extremely clear and able manner.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

THE GATES OF SILENCE. By Robert Loveman. (Knickerbocker Press.)

Anything less than the perfection of form in poems as short as Mr. Loveman's are as a rule would be unpermissible, and to ensure uniformity of quality and quantity he has thrown them all into a mould that thousands have used before. The form itself is the simplest, but there is worth and weight in the matter, and two verses complete the poem. The "Gates of Silence," as the name implies, are those of the afterworld, and considering the obscurity which envelopes that unknown land, the lucidity of the expression is marvellous. Mr. Loveman explores these regions without the assurance of living again which inspired the most memorable lines of "In Memoriam." Compare in the following verses that splendid confession of faith with its converse in the lines of the later poet:—

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is rotten at the core,
And dust and darkness all that is."
—Tennyson.

"That old red fear comes over me,
The stealthy, haunting dread
That when the sod doth cover me,
My soul, too, shall be dead."
—Loveman.

The comparison need not be pushed any further, nor indeed is there room for more than the reviewer's opinion of the literary value of this and some other volumes. Mr. Loveman won fame by an earlier book, so it is not of a new writer we speak, nor of one who has much to learn of his art.

"We are captives close confined
To this cockle-shell of clay;
Let us horse the champing wind,
Let us stride to worlds away.

Let us sail the seas of peace
To celestial spheres afar,
And go voyaging apace,
On from peopled star to star."

It was verse of this quality probably that suggested the comparison with Mr. Henley's. There is the same "unconquerable courage," and if the talk were of workmanship only, it would be difficult to speak too highly of these little poems; but Mr. Loveman has not the pinions of Blake, nor more than a very little of the amazing genius of a writer too little known in this country—she who said of herself:—

"Except to Heaven, she is nought;
Except for angels, lone;
Except to some wide-wandering bee,
A flower superfluous blown."

Saner than Blake was she, and second to none of the very few poets whose passage from sphere to sphere is unimpeded by any such baggage as we have to carry, but Mr. Loveman has the majority with him, and need not complain of being associated with the past masters of craft rather than those abovementioned whose feet scarcely touch the earth. Happily there is the extreme of catholicity among cultivated readers of verse, and room where the critics are for the best of every kind.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS. but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

Notes on New Books.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

One of the most historically important books on India which have been published this year is **Buddhist India**, by T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D. (5s.), which we have received from Mr. Fisher Unwin. This latest volume in the Story of the Nation Series does not delve into the tenets and mysteries of Buddhist religion—Professor Rhys Davids has done all that well before—but it shows us India in the days of Buddhism, tracing the rise of the belief, its decline, and the wonderful India, social and economic, which this great influence formed. It is a fine, scholarly "Story," by a writer who is, practically, our greatest living authority on the subject.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

Another enjoyable Indian book is **At Home in India**, by Mrs. Herbert Reynolds (6s.), published by Mr. Henry J. Drane. The claim of this pleasant record is that it gives a picture of ordinary home-life in India from about 1856 to the present day. Mrs. Reynolds, who went out as a bride with her husband, who was in the I.C.S., spent the first years at Mymensingh, an out-of-the-way station in Eastern Bengal, far from the terrible perils of the Mutiny; though even here came one period of great anxiety, when the sepoys, after mutinying at Dacca, marched, looting and burning, and spared Mymensingh only because they could not help it, having missed the road and wandered to the swamps, where they perished. Most of the diary, however, was written at Calcutta, and the blending of domestic doings and occasional travel, with great outside events gives a real and impressive presentment of life in a civilian family.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

Autobiography in short, sharp, cynical English; adventure, courage, cowardice, in lively scene and outspoken anecdote; care and carelessness for the Empire and for life; idleness and splendid devotion; coolness and wickedness; callousness, resourcefulness, endurance, and some admirable thoughts—all these are to be found in the stirring book, **A Frontiersman**, by Roger Pocock (6s.), which lies among Messrs. Methuen's publications now before us. Mr. Pocock's "clip" style is well adapted to the grim, racy, almost insolent record he gives of his life from his first memory on the old battleship used for the training of boys "unconvicted of crime," but under suspicion, all through the trails of trooper, journalist, missionary, cow-boy, gold-miner, outlaw, and many more, till he took off his spurs after the Boer war and took up a pen. This is a book to amuse, to interest, even to inspire; a book to make a patriot glad and sad at one and the same time.

"One of Mrs. Croker's novels is always a safe choice." This remark, volunteered to us by a stranger at a lending library, is the opinion of the majority of novel-readers, and **Johanna** (6s.), just published by Messrs. Methuen, is another proof of the wisdom of it. Whether Mrs. Croker has much plot or little is a trifling matter; her facile manner interests afresh each time. In "Johanna" we have the story of a beautiful Irish girl and an Irishman who is both lively and faithful; also the big and small trials which combined to keep them separate and unhappy; and, of course, it all goes briskly and makes varying demands upon our sympathies. We never doubt that Johanna will remain beautiful; but will Shamus remain true? There is all the uncertainty of reality and the reality of uncertainty in the volume, with much besides to commend it.

The worst thing about E. Maria Albanesi's new novel, **Susannah and One Elder** (6s.), is its title. Apart from its somewhat cheapening name, the book is excellent. The bare line of the plot is this:—A younger sister, Susannah (after a desperate objection, and for the sake of her elder sister's good name and happiness), allows it to be understood that she is engaged to the man of whom her brother-in-law is groundlessly suspicious, a man she has not met before. With this *motif* Madame Albanesi has produced a long, pleasant story of country life and turbulent lives. The characters are distinct and idiosyncratic, and the story, though guiltless of sensational happenings, is sufficiently engrossing to keep a reviewer reading till past three in the morning.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

The book for jaded authors is offered by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., for **A Girl of Ideas**, by Annie Flint, is a fount of suggestions for the refreshing of overworked mortals whose brains have become unresponsive. Miss Eleanor Day, the clever American heroine, having had her novel rejected by every "reputable publisher," and being near despair and poverty, conceives an idea for gaining money and repute. She cannot sell her writing, but she can sell her thoughts; her brain is teeming with ideas, therefore with true American alertness she takes an office on Broadway and starts. The details of the business are amusing and even instructive; and although we are not convulsed by the sample batch of jokes, we recognise the brightness of the more serious brain matter exchanged for the fee named on the "rate-card." A real dramatic touch is introduced when a novelist of high distinction visits the office and unconsciously Miss Day twines a noose (to speak in metaphor) about his neck. The girl's cool courage looses the loop again, however, and the story is evolved with spirit and feeling.

It took an avalanche to kill the suave, designing hero of Sir William Magnay's new romance, **Count Zarka** (6s.), and we can quite understand it. Count Zarka was a man of ambitious and merciless designs, a man, too, who could fascinate "by the power of his remarkable personality." Given a main villain of this sort, also a missing Prince (of Rapsberg, mark ye), also a lovely, spirited woman, also a thick sprinkling of political intrigues; and the reader may guess that the fatal avalanche was welcome and only just in time. This is romance of the kind which comes with the ever-fresh charm of summer—and more than her regularity.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

Sometimes in a heavy season of book-production, in which the good books, quite rightly, sober us, and the bad books sadden, there comes one volume which cheers for the reviewer the whole day on which it is received. Such a book is **Highways and Byways**, by Inglis Allen (3s. 6d.), which Messrs. Constable have been shrewd enough to drop into the midst of the holiday season. It calls itself "a few sketches"; but we call it an inimitable collection of views of the working-man; and the point of view may be guessed from the fact that "Highways and Byways" first meandered smilingly through the pages of *Punch* and the *Westminster Gazette*. By reason of their quiet wit, open fun, and ridiculous situations, these sketches may annex the ill-used term so often applied to the efforts of the abnormally cultured; for whether they picture a travelling marionette show, a clashing of Board and High-class Schools, or a wharf-side scene, they are "gems," they sparkle, and—the truth is reflected in them.

Another interesting volume included in Messrs. Constable's parcel is **Memories of Vailima**, by Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne (3s. 6d. net). Vailima Table Talk is perhaps the most important portion of the book, but in all the chapters we get a renewal of that impression of virile yet nervous life, of humane impulse and kindly fun, which lies in all the authoritative accounts of Stevenson as well as in his own unconscious self-revelations. Some verses written by R. L. S. on the death of a friend in 1872 begin the volume.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. send us **The Last Word**, by Alice MacGowan (6s.), a bright American story of a clever Texas girl, who went to be a journalist in New York; a girl who met the right man on her journey there, who was self-assured, "smart," lovable, and "sunny," and almost inconceivably conceited over these same attractions. The "smartness" of the whole book is marked; it is even in some danger of becoming unintelligible and wearying by reason of it, but we think it escapes this. There is no trace of amateurishness or hesitation about Miss MacGowan's work; she knows what she is writing about, and she is bold. Her book contains a wealth of material, and the elements of real success.

Another volume from the same firm, which deserves special mention, is **Butterflies and Moths of the Country-side**, figured and described by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. (12s. 6d.). Mr. Hulme's work in the field of natural history is too well known and valued to need any new introduction, but butterflies are, perhaps, less generally and less popularly treated than birds and flowers, and this handsome volume should receive careful attention by reason not only of its sound, accurate teaching, but of its beautiful, instructive coloured plates. It is the butterfly-book *par excellence* for the home, the schoolroom, even the nursery.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

To the many who know, and, indeed, love, South Wales, after summer holidays in her well-known and beautiful pleasure resorts, the new volume of the Highways and Byways Series will come as a hand drawing aside an unrealised veil. **Highways and Byways in South Wales** (6s.) is written by Mr. A. G. Bradley, and illustrated by Mr. Frederick L. Griggs, and we feel for them something of that grateful enthusiasm which is felt for discoverers. In our small island it seems little less than a miracle that even to-day it is possible to find so much remoteness, so much untrodden space, so much unspoiled rural life. The highways are full of historic interest undoubtedly, but the byways are full of promise; and both chronicler and illustrator have caught the interest and the promise between covers and produced an inspiring book.

MR. ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL.

A long, full story comes to us from Mr. Stockwell—**St. Aldhelm's**, by L. N. Hyder (5s. net). It is a book full of domestic interest and wholesome influence, and one in which the reader sympathises with the characters as if they were a living family. For a school prize or a helping gift this handsome volume is just the right thing.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Among the new books sent us by Mr. John Long, **The Other Mrs. Jacobs**, by Mrs. Campbell Praed (6s.), strikes a reader at once as possessing in a marked degree the essentials for popular drama. It is a matrimonial complication with some bitter hours in it, and it is set off by good dialogue, tense situations, distinct and uncommon characters, brilliant gowns, and opportunity for the one or two generally necessary elaborate scenes. Mrs. Campbell Praed has here forsaken Australia for London and a northern island named St. Helga; but she retains her power of making a story seem as real as if it were happening in the next house, with all the enlivenment which would inevitably accompany such a case.

The Triumph of Jill, by F. E. Young (6s.), which Mr. John Long publishes, tells of the difficulties, the pupils, and the love-story of a young and rather bad-tempered artist named Jill, who wore a big apron and looked like a child. Her "sparrings" with the only pupil who remains are amusing, and we can believe that Jill's triumph is indeed what politicians who lose an election term "a moral victory." Unfortunately our volume is incomplete, but we agree about the triumph as far as we can judge, for we possess the last paragraph which leaves the hero saying, "No man . . . . could be better off. I wouldn't swop you and the boy, Jill, for the untold wealth of the world." And as the hero had been the pupil, he ought to know.

In **The Baton Sinister** (6s.), also published by Mr. John Long, George Gilbert tells a good tale of the days of Charles II.; and Monmouth, whatever his real deserts, is the hero here. He had gone through a child-marriage with a Scottish girl, but his heart is

won by Henrietta Wentworth, an English country-maid, who, after resisting his attractions for long, acknowledges her love for him, and is from that time a fine example of passionate, single-hearted faithfulness and loyalty. The portrait of Monmouth is drawn with strength and sympathy—perhaps a too great sympathy—the story of his love and his pretensions is marked by genuine historical knowledge and real feeling, and the whole forms a stirring, unaffected romance.

MR. THOMAS BURLEIGH.

The book of short stories, **Light and Shade,** by Arthur H. Holmes (2s. 6d.), which comes to us from Mr. Thomas Burleigh, contains a collection above the average in merit. The tales are all what one may describe as "light" and "modern," but they are also examples of careful work. We would, in all kindness, warn Mr. Holmes not to fall into the error of attempting to be too fine in his writing (there are hints of it here and there), for by that he would lose his strength. At present he possesses the fineness and the strength, and he develops his themes with quiet impressiveness.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

In **The Washingtonians,** by Pauline Bradford Makie (6s.), which Messrs. Bell and Sons send us, we have one of those blendings of love and politics which American writers know so well how to produce. Portia Matthews, a charming woman with a dignified father and an affectionate husband, both men of honour and great sensitiveness, has aims beyond love and dignity, aims which reach up to the Presidency; and love, and even honour, become a little smirched in the game of political wire-pulling. A private secretary who writes plays, an educated Indian of fascinations and some contemptible traits, and a pretty cousin of Portia are also prominent figures in this Washingtonian circle. The author's characterisation is good, and her people talk well—naturally, with interest, and, fortunately, without epigram. This is a straight, clear, enjoyable story; and if its aims are fevered, its end is sane.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

The number of American novels by American writers has become very noticeable in our publishers' lists. From Mr. Heinemann we have received a long, full tale of North and South; this is **Gordon Keith,** by Thomas Nelson Page (6s.), which is concerned with North and South traits and social intercourse, rather than with war. The war, indeed, is over before Gordon Keith, the hero, is fully grown; and many an old Southern family, his own included, is ruined by it. It is the war of good and bad in men's hearts, the battles for success and gain, the struggles for wealth, achievement, progress and happiness, which are fought out in these pages; and the whole is chronicled with warmth, vigour, and charm.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH.

English royal biography *à la Francaise* is what we get in **Victoria, Queen and Ruler,** by Mrs. Emily Crawford (6s.), published by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith. Mrs. Crawford is, apparently, puzzled that a homely, ordinary-looking woman, "constituted for family life only," should have won fame, glory, chivalrous support, and passionate loyalty; but the salient point which this author misses is the actual greatness—genius, it would seem—of a queen who, without great beauty or striking charm, could possess this influence. Such love and fame do not come to a commonplace nonentity. The volume contains a fund of fresh matter; and though the style is discursive and at times involved, the budget of gossip will be appreciated by many.

MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

Whether to browse over in the remainder of the holidays, or to make a note of for the Christmas season, **The Squire's Heir** by E. Everett-Green (5s.), which Mr. Melrose sends, is a sterling story for boys and girls. In a thick, handsome volume, with several illustrations, is recounted the vicissitudes in the life of the boy Hugh Rochester, eldest son of an old family, by a first, somewhat humble, marriage. Through his grandfather's bitterness and his stepmother's ambition, the entail is cut off; and some capital characterisation is given in the narrative of love and scheming, faithfulness and felony which follows.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

A somewhat remarkable Indian book comes to us from Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.—**Padmini,** by T. Ramakrishna (3s. 6d.). It is an Indian romance of the sixteenth century, by a native writer who possesses a noteworthy command of the English language. The narrative is high in tone, instinct with that native, inner feeling which can rarely be known by a Western writer, and is marked by something of the simple dignity and poetic phrasing of the mediæval romances of England and France.

MESSRS. ANTHONY TREHERNE AND CO.

A Rogue's Progress, by Edwin Oliver (2s. 6d.), published by Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co., is a volume of eight readable episodes in the life of one knave—episodes which, though for the most part gruesome and sensational, might be happening any day in any district, street, or house in steady-going yet dangerous London. The rogue himself is not without redeeming qualities; indeed, he might have led a fairly placid life had he learned to curb an insatiable curiosity; but then, of course, there would have been no "Progress" to record, and we should have been left in ignorance of some of London's thrilling possibilities.

MR. JOHN MILNE.

The Midnight Special, by Burford Delannoy (6s., John Milne), carried a murderer, a suspected murderess, and a millionaire; the millionaire paying, of course. Then, in a short run of an hour, a chloroform-pad, an exchange of clothes, and a railway accident alter the complexion of affairs, and identities become complicated. Any reader who is prepared to accept coincidence without criticism will follow with a thumping heart the varying phases of as brisk a detective story as we have met this season.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.

A volume with the title **Seven of Them,** by Mrs. E. M. Davy, published by the Walter Scott Publishing Company, contains seven love-stories in which the attitude assumed by the authoress seems to be that of exhibitor, revealing to us the pains of other persons' love affairs, with a smile on her own face. There is a good deal of dialogue here, and no beating about the bush, and the collection is a useful one for desultory holiday reading.

New Series, Editions, and Reprints.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We welcome the new, the tenth, edition of Dr. William Elliot Griffis' celebrated work, **The Mikado's Empire,** sent to us by Messrs. Harpers. In two handy volumes, with numerous illustrations, we have what may be justly termed a monumental work on Japan's history, influence, and progress from 660 to the present year. For, in addition to the original detailed history—a book which has stood the test of time and still stands as authoritative—chapters have been added bringing the account down to the present year. In his frank, enthusiastic style Dr. Griffis proclaims his admiration for a wonderful people who have triumphantly proved the soundness of their motto, "Education is the basis of all progress."

The New Books of the Month.

JULY 15TH TO AUGUST 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—From Letter to Spirit, 20s. net (A. and C. Black)

FERRARS, MAX. HENRY.—Religion: From an Agnostic Point of View, 2s. net ..... (Watts and Co.)

HARDY, THOMAS J., B.A.—Chart and Voyage: An Examination of the Alleged Reasons for Theological Reserve, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Philip Green)

MACDONALD, DUNCAN B., M.A., B.D.—Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory. The Semitic Series ..... (Routledge)

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[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted, owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

EDWARD BAKER, 14 AND 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Aphra Behn's Works, 6 vols., 1871, 20s. offered.
Austen's (Jane) Pride and Prejudice, 3 vols., 1813, 15s. offered.
Austen's (Jane) Sense and Sensibility, 3 vols., 1811, 15s. offered.
Austen's (Jane) any first editions in boards.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 11 vols., 1843, £3 offered.
Behmen's Works, 4 vols., 1764-81, £2 offered.
Borrow's (G.) Wild Wales, 1862, 2 vols., 25s. offered.
Borrow's (G.) Word Book of the Romany, 1874, 10s. 6d. offered.
Bradshaw's Railway Guides (not companions), December, 1841; January, 1842; and March, 1845; £2 each offered.
Brewer's Henry VIII., 2 vols., 1884, 15s. offered.
Browning's Bells and Pomegranates, 1841, 20s. offered.
Browning's Paracelsus, 1835, 21s. offered.
Bryce's American Commonwealth, 3 vols., 1888, 20s. offered.
Burke's Armory and Extinct Peerage, 1883, 10s. each offered.
Bury's Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 1831, 25s. offered.
Chaffers' Keramic Gallery, 1872, 2 vols., £2 offered.
Coleridge's Poems, 1796, 1797, or 1803, 10s. each offered.
Cook on Foxhunting, 1826, 25s. offered.
Curzon's Persia, 2 vols., 1892, 20s. offered.
Dawkin's Cave Hunting, 1874; Early Man in Britain, 1880; 15s. each offered.
Desperate Remedies, 1871, 3 vols., 20s. offered.
Dodgson's Euclid and His Modern Rivals, 3s. offered.
Dodsley's Old English Plays, 15 vols., 1875, £2 offered.
Dowell's Taxes and Taxation, 4 vols., 1888, 20s. offered.
Eliot's (George) Scenes of Clerical Life, 1858, 2 vols., 20s. offered. 1st edition.
Empedocles on Etna, 1852, 10s. offered.
Essay on Mind, and Other Poems, 1826, 10s. offered.
Exquisites (The), a Farce, 1839, with 4 plates, 10s. offered.
Far from Madding Crowd, 2 vols., 1st edition, 1874, 20s. offered.
Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, 1859, £5 offered.
Fitzgerald's Agamemnon, 1865, 20s. offered.
Fitzgerald's Works, 2 vols., 1887, 12s. offered.

E. BOND, THE ROOKERY, EYE, SUFFOLK.

C. G. Harper's Ely, Lynn, and Cambridge Road.
C. G. Harper's The Great North Road.
C. G. Harper's The Norwich Road.
Old Directory of Dorsetshire.
Two Suffolk Friends. (Groome.)

BOOKS FOR SALE.

J. R., c/o J. T. LOWE, ST. PETER'S, BEDFORD.

Perotti's Cornucop, Venice, 1522.